

Bogotá, septiembre 6 de 1941

Señor Doctor
E.A.Chapin
(c/o U.S. National Museum)
Washington, D.C. -(U.S.A.)

Muy estimado señor :

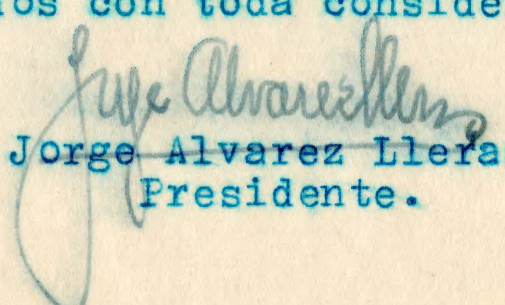
Nuestros colegas señores Armando Dugand y Luis María Murillo, del Instituto de Ciencias Naturales y miembros de esta Academia han tenido el acierto de postular el nombre de Ud. para Miembro Correspondiente de la misma, de acuerdo con sus estatutos.

Nuestra Academia ha recibido con complacencia esta iniciativa teniendo en cuenta de que con este nombramiento hará una valiosa adquisición dentro de su programa de labores y radio de acción cultural y científica, y así es que me ha encargado de consultar a Ud. si tendría a bien aceptar dicha designación para proceder a efectuarla .

En caso de una respuesta afirmativa por parte de Ud., sabríamos agradecerle nos enviara su "curriculum vitae", y si a bien lo estima el de sus trabajos y publicaciones científicos con destino a la formación de su historia personal de académico, tal como lo hemos venido practicando con los demás miembros de la Institución.

Aprovecho además esta oportunidad para comunicarle que hemos anotado su nombre en los directorios de la Academia para enviarle en lo sucesivo la Revista que sirve de órgano de publicidad de la misma Institución, deseando con ello reafirmar el intercambio intelectual entre Ud. y nuestra Academia, lo mismo que con el Instituto del cual es Ud. eminente colaborador (el U.S. National Museum).

Nos es muy grato ponernos a sus apreciables órdenes y suscribirnos con toda consideración sus attos. ss. ss. y amigos,


Jorge Alvarez Lleras
Presidente.

RECORTES DE PRENSA

CALLE 14 NUMERO 7-95 - OFICINA NUMERO 3

APARTADO 15-52

BOGOTA - COLOMBIA

Periódico: "EL LIBERAL", de Bogotá

20 DIC 1941

Famoso científico yanqui vendrá pronto a Colombia

En días pasados la junta de expediciones científicas, constituida por los secretarios de los ministerios de educación nacional, guerra, relaciones exteriores y hacienda y secretariada por el director del departamento de extensión cultural del ministerio de educación, doctor Dario Achury Valenzuela, estudió la petición hecha por el doctor Edwards A. Chapin, famoso científico norteamericano y director del departamento de insectos del museo nacional de Nueva York para venir a Colombia a practicar detenidos estudios sobre las diferentes variedades de insectos que existen en el país.

La comisión resolvió la petición accediendo a ella y ya envió la respuesta al interesado, doctor Chapin, quien dentro de pocos días se embarcará para Colombia, provisto de todos los elementos indispensables para las averiguaciones que se propone hacer.

No. 3426

Bogotá, Colombia, December 22, 1941.

Subject: Visit of Dr. Edward A. Chapin to Colombia
for the Smithsonian Institution.

The Honorable
The Secretary of State,
Washington.

Sir:

1/ I have the honor to refer to the Department's instruction no. 1086 of November 18, 1941, instructing the Embassy to request permission for Dr. Edward A. CHAPIN to visit Colombia for scientific purposes. The Embassy is now in receipt of a reply to this request from the Foreign Office granting the necessary permission. A copy of Note No. C-4919 of December 15, 1941, from the Foreign Office is enclosed herewith.

The various laws and decrees mentioned in this Note have been studied by the Embassy. These apply to scientific expeditions from foreign countries coming to Colombia, the importation and exportation of arms, and the exportation of specimens collected by such expeditions.

A

A copy of this Note will be sent to the American consular officer at the port of entry as soon as the date and place of arrival of Mr. Chapin are known to the Embassy, in order that the consular officer may discuss the question of free entry with the customs authorities.

It should be noted that this Note sets forth certain requirements which Mr. Chapin should fulfill, namely:

1. Application at a Colombian consulate for a regular visa;
2. Sending to the Secretary of the Junta de Expediciones Científicas in Bogotá a report each month on the studies and investigations carried out during the previous month;
3. Sending duplicates of photographs and moving picture films and specimens collected to the Secretary of the Junta;
4. Making the necessary request of the competent Colombian authorities for the exportation of specimens collected.

It is requested that the Embassy be informed as soon as possible of the date and place of arrival of Dr. Chapin.

Respectfully yours,

Spruille Braden

Enclosure No. 1 despa
No..... dated 12-22-41
from the American Embassy
Bogotá, Colombia.

C O P Y

No. 4919

Bogotá, Colombia, diciembre 1941.

Señor Embajador:

Con referencia al Memorandum dirigido a la Cancillería con fecha 1º de los corrientes, tengo el honor de informar a Vuestra Excelencia que, previa consulta a la Junta de Expediciones Científicas reunida de acuerdo con lo dispuesto en los Decretos números 1060 de 1936 y 904 de 1941 para considerar la petición del señor Edward A. Chapin, se ha resuelto, por mayoría de votos, lo siguiente:

Autorizar la entrada al país del señor Edward A. Chapin, Jefe de la Sección de Insectos del Museo Nacional de los Estados Unidos y conceder para dicho señor la exención del depósito inmigratorio, siempre que dicho señor se ajuste a los requisitos que se enumeran a continuación:

Solicitar una visa ordinaria al respectivo Consulado de Colombia, de acuerdo con las condiciones estipuladas en el Decreto 1790 de 1941;

Remitir, al señor Secretario de la Junta de Expediciones Científicas de Bogotá un informe mensual relativo a los estudios e investigaciones realizados en el mes inmediatamente anterior;

Enviar a la misma corporación el duplicado de las fotografías y films cinematográficos, así como el de los especímenes de fauna, flora etc., que dicha entidad pueda solicitar;

Requerir permiso para exportar cualquier clase de los especímenes citados. Dicho permiso deberá ser concedido por la Junta de Expediciones Científicas, la que podrá autorizar asimismo la exportación de las fotografías o de los films cinematográficos.

en

En tales condiciones puede autorizarse la entrada al país del señor Chapin, con prescindencia del acompañante oficial que exige, el decreto 1060 ya citado. Por lo demás dicho señor deberá acogerse a las disposiciones de la misma providencia.

En cuanto a las armas que desee introducir a Colombia el señor Chapin, estarán sujetas a las restricciones del Decreto 1449 de 1939; el equipo o instrumental especial que requieran sus estudios a las de la Ley 79 de 1931 en su artículo 269, Ordinal 4º, y los efectos puramente personales pertenecientes a dicho señor, serán admitidos libremente.

Quedo en espera de la información que sobre la fecha y lugar de salida del señor Chapin se sirva Vuestra Excelencia suministrar a esta Cancillería, a fin de instruir al respecto a nuestro representante consular en dicha ciudad.

Me valgo de esta oportunidad para reiterar a Vuestra Excelencia las expresiones de mi más alta y distinguida consideración.

A. GONZÁLEZ FERNÁNDEZ

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM
WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 15, 1942.

Dr. Edward A. Chapin,
Curator of Insects,
U. S. National Museum.

Through: Dr. L. Stejneger.

Dear Dr. Chapin:

In accordance with the accompanying letter of authorization you will proceed to Bogotá, Colombia where you will carry on studies and investigations at the Instituto de Ciencias Naturales at the Universidad Nacional, in co-operation with Dr. Armando Dugand, Director, and Dr. Luis Murillo, entomologist on the staff there.

Your work will be concerned principally with studies in Coleoptera in which it is important for you to see Colombian material in the collections of the organization designated. You will also take every opportunity to collect insects for the U. S. National Museum during this work.

In Bogotá you should call first on the American Ambassador to thank him for the facilities that he has arranged in connection with your visit to the country. Following this you should see Dr. Dugand, Director of the Instituto and then his assistants.

I am giving you letters also to Dr. Augustín Nieto Caballero, Rector of the University, Dr. Jorge Ancízar-Sordo on the staff of the University and also Director of the Chemical Laboratories for the Government, and Hermano Apolinar-Maria for many years a correspondent of the Smithsonian Institution.

You should take every opportunity to see local museums in and near Bogotá, and to make contact with any officers in the Department of Agriculture or elsewhere that may be interested in entomology. You have other contacts not mentioned that you will wish to develop.

Dr. Dugand I am sure will arrange to put you in touch with workers in the Rockefeller Laboratories which are connected with the government. I hope that it will be practicable for you to go down into the tropical zone at Villavicencio to see this region.

Necessarily details for your itinerary will be left to your own discretion because of your familiarity with the work in hand, and of the fact that you will be working at a distance from Washington.

Please keep me informed as to your address and the progress of your investigations. May I ask also that you remember me to my many friends in Colombia.

Sincerely yours,

A. Wetmore

A. Wetmore,
Assistant Secretary.

JAN 16 1942

HIPOLITO CASTRILLON M. Y SU SEÑORA
MARTA ARBOLEDA DE CASTRILLON,
SALUDAN A USTED ATENTAMENTE Y TIENEN
EL HONOR DE INVITARLE AL MATRIMONIO DE
SU HIJA MARIA TERESA CON EL DOCTOR
FRANCISCO OTOYA ARBOLEDA, CERE-
MONIA QUE SE CELEBRARÁ EN SU CASA DE
HABITACIÓN, EL DÍA 24 DE MAYO A LAS 10 A. M.

POPAYÁN, MAYO DE 1946.

SR. Edmundo A. Chapin

R. S. V. P.

Calle 3.ª N.º 6-30.

Colombia - 1942

Feb. 2. Off for Colombia! We had a great sendoff at the Union Station. Eugene Callaghan came with gardenia, Dorothy Hambidge, Marion Fessenden and Frances White with a corsage for Clara and a carnation for me. At train time, Gove and Russell appeared. Train left a little late but we had a good night, except for the inconvenience of my long legs. A reclining coach seat is not long enough for me.

Feb. 3. After a shave and some orange juice I felt much better. We stepped off the train at Jacksonville and found the temperature to be below freezing. It was also cold at St. Augustine and we didn't feel that the view of the city from the railroad was very attractive. Arrived at Miami nearly on time and found even Miami a bit chilly. After checking in at the Columbus Hotel we walked along the seawall under the coconut palms and watched the boats, mostly pleasure craft, going to and fro. As we crossed Biscayne Boulevard on the way back to the hotel, a gust of wind raised Clara's hat and in my zeal to save it, I broke her glasses. The hotel clerk suggested the Southeastern Optical Co. and although it was then after hours, they ground the edge and drilled a new hole without charge. Dinner at the "Seven Seas" and to bed early.

Feb. 4. We were called at 5.15 AM and had orange juice and hot Postum in a shadowy corner of the dark and silent hotel dining-room; then we assembled our baggage on the sidewalk -- suitcases, bags, overcoats, umbrellas, camera, and a big paper-wrapped box (Guatemala palms, potted, sent by O. F. Cook as a gift to Armando Dugand, Director of the Instituto Ciencias Naturales at Bogotá). The bus was to leave the hotel corner at six; a few other travellers came out of the darkness and joined in the silence. The bus proved to be a couple of taxis, which filled themselves and drove off through several miles of blackness, delivering us at the Dinner Key seaplane base at about half past six. Then came an hour and a half of preliminaries. The passengers were weighed, all the baggage was weighed, every bag was opened and examined. Papers seemed to be the chief object of suspicion; our letter from Doña Paulina to her sisters was read with anxious thoroughness. Passports and certificates were examined at the ticket window; long questionnaires were filled in by the ticket agent.

Just before eight (the plane was supposed to leave at seven fifteen) the gate marked "Cienfuegos, Kingston, Barranquilla" was opened. We went downstairs, out a door, and along a narrow board walk to the little landing where our plane was waiting, then one by one across a gangway to the top of the plane, and down the steps inside. Seats were facing pairs on both sides of the aisle, like Pullmans made up for daytime. In our compartment and across the aisle were a young oil man named Hoover, going back after leave to his post at Barcelona, Venezuela, and a Venezuelan family named P-----, father, mother, son about sixteen and daughter about ten; they had been in the United States for several months, and were to break up at Barranquilla, son to go to school in Bogotá, others home to Venezuela.

The steward made sure that every life-belt was fastened, and with a deafening roar the plane began to beat its way through the water. We seemed to have nosed under for the water completely covered the windows. Presently there was a sudden hush (the mere noise of the plane's engines) as the windows cleared and we stopped tearing up the water and began to rise at a very low angle. As long as we were rising the motion was rough and unpleasant; Clara had sharp pains in her ears and the little girl began to scream and hold her hands over her ears. After we had finally finished climbing and started on our course the plane steadied and all was well; passengers unstrapped their belts and relaxed, stretched, or stood up in the aisle, and ears stopped hurting until time to come down (which proved to be even worse!). The steward passed magazines --- Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, etc --- and there was a little conversation, now and then, but the windows provided the best entertainment. First we had a marvelous view of the Florida Keys, spread out far below like a dainty little colored relief map, with a few miniature boats not far from shore. Then came water and more water, too blue to be real, but with plenty of variety in the sharp shadings and colorings that marked the various depths and underwater formations.

Soon after ten we sighted Cuba, and then crossed the island from north to south, a spruce little toy country laid out in clearly marked plots of cultivated land, light green plots and dark green plots in sharp contrast, many of them neatly squared. On the south shore we saw a city of bright little houses built around a small harbor that looked almost like a lake. The steward passed landing cards for us to fill out, and the plane came slowly and roughly down to hit the water deliberately

but with a most tremendous splash. As soon as the passengers had climbed out the top and across to the landing, a swarm of mechanics with huge tins of fuel began to bustle all over the outside of the plane. The airport had several breezy open rooms, and a carefully locked street door. We could see Cienfuegos through the windows, and across the water from the landing. Sent a card to Lucy, and in a few minutes the gong called us out to climb down inside the plane, and we roared out into the harbor and up into the air. The steward brought us square open boxes of lunch, one at a time as he arranged them --- hot bouillon, sandwiches, boiled egg, cold chicken, fruit cup and cake. There was more of the play of color on the water, but no boats; we saw almost no sign of shipping from the time we were out of sight of Florida.

Just a tiny corner of Jamaica could be seen before the steward came around and fitted a big black disk into each window ("In cooperation with the British Government"). We rocked and plunged to the water, seeing nothing. The airport was breezy, but much hotter than Cienfuegos. Nothing was to be seen on the water in that far corner of the harbor, and nothing on land behind the airport, except the high wire fence and the thick jungle of dark green trees behind it. A hostess was waiting, with a tray of Planter's Punches and lemonade to offer the passengers; she proved to be Madeleine Hodge who knows Mrs. Wooler and Mrs. Dignum and had news of them.

Disks were still in the windows as we took off, and were not removed until we were out of sight of Jamaica. The sun was hot, and the straight-backed seats seemed to get stiffer. The steward's cup of chilled fruit-juice made us all feel better. We were due in Barranquilla at five, and were only a little late in spite of the delays at Miami, and the long wide detour inland before we finally came down in the landlocked waters of the Barranquilla airport. We climbed stiffly out, gave up our passports as we stepped to the landing, and were marshalled around the edge of the water and across the terrace waiting room. In the entrance to the airport office two small dark officials sat at two little tables to inspect papers, and each passenger had to be passed by both. At the long baggage counter we met the U. S. Vice Consul Henry Dearborn (from Andover), who was looking for us. He put our baggage through without inspection, and drove us in his car to the hotel, El Prado. Our room opened from an out-door corridor, and had trade-wind gales blowing through the windows on opposite walls, just as described in Kathleen Romoli's book. On the lobby terrace we sat down for awhile with Mr. Hoover, then went to the dining-room with Mr. Dearborn and dined at his

table with two of his associates. After dinner Clara went to bed while I sat with them on the terrace. After a Daiquiri and some desultory conversation, I also retired, leaving a call for 4.30 AM.

Feb. 5. The Avianca bus was scheduled to call at the hotel at 5.10. We were called on time, and managed to get our bags packed and taken to the lobby by six minutes past five, only to find that the bus had gone. The plump Teuton at the desk seemed not at all disturbed and suggested we could get there by taxi. A rather disagreeable man with a slight accent (but no Spanish at all) was in the same fix and very cross about it. He had made the trip before, and said the bus was probably killing time outside Avianca's city office; we shared a taxi to the city office, and there was the bus, a big open affair with no inside aisle. It was dark, the street was dark and the passengers were sitting in glum silence. We managed to find places and squeeze aboard. It was too dark to see anything of the city, but the sun came up before we reached the airport, so that we could see the road and have our first glimpse of the meek little Colombian burros, some carrying crates of bottles and some carrying humans, who looked incredibly long-legged as they towered over those small backs. No food of any kind at the airport, and nothing within reach. We were briefly weighed, with baggage, and then sat on the terrace waiting to be called to the plane. P. J. Eder was also waiting; we talked with him now and then, and sat behind him on the plane. It was a Douglass, with side entrance and all seats facing forward. The other passengers seemed to be South Americans. We went up less roughly than in the seaplane, and Clara found it less painful to the ears. When the plane was up and on its way the steward brought around coffee and sandwiches, "jamón o queso?". We came down for twenty minutes at Barranca Bermeja; we could just make out the oil drums and see that it was a river port as we came down, but the airport was surrounded by fields and woods. A few yards from the building I collected some scale insects on a gardenia.

There was much to see as we flew up the Magdalena valley --- mountains on both sides, the Eastern cordillera on the left and the Central on the right, with the river between looking very small indeed. Now and then there was a small cluster of roofs, but long stretches without. Once we saw a little steamboat on the river, tiny enough to prove that the river was not the thin thread of water it appeared. Once I saw a crocodile, sunning himself on a sand-bar. After an hour or so the river began to get even smaller, as we gradually climbed, until we were fly-

ing through clouds and could see nothing but clouds below us. Deep fluffy banks were around us, and another deep fluffy layer below; far above were thin white clouds that looked as clouds usually look. Sometimes we steered around and among the clouds, and once in a while we plunged right through. The near part was always a soft misty gray, with glimpses of a luminous white beyond, that seemed to be part of the far side. As we approached the Sabana de Bogotá we entered dense clouds and the plane bucked a bit; suddenly the clouds opened out and we could see the earth far below. A big flat plain of bright green, crossed by little streams and surrounded with dull blue-green mountains. Ahead of us were the red roofs and church towers of Bogotá, close under the two guardian peaks, Monserrate and Guadalupe. And not yet ten o'clock.

This was our first call at Techo airport, and it was a long one. Dugand had written that he and Murillo would meet us at Techo, but after we had claimed our baggage we had still seen nothing of them, though all the other passengers were received by eager and numerous groups of friends. The bus was ready to leave, and still they had not come. We did not want to make a bad beginning by being too impatient to wait, so we let the bus go off with our baggage (marked for Hotel Granada). We waited on a bench outside the airport shelter until our presence seemed to be disturbing an anxious little soldier. Then we waited inside. We noticed that there was no vehicle of any kind on the place. After we had thought over that angle for half an hour more, a taxi with one passenger drove into the grounds and we were glad to climb in and say "Hotel Granada". At the retén two soldiers came out of a tiny little sentry house to inspect our passports.

The Granada was so superlatively Victorian it was hard to believe that it was less than fifteen years old. Red plush, dark woods, marble tops, very high ceilings, etc. We selected a small room looking on the court; it proved to have an even smaller sitting room opening from it. The court exposure allowed us to sleep through several hours of church bells every morning. A very small boy went across the street to the Avianca office for our baggage, and delivered it at our room. Another almost as small was behind the All American Cables desk. He was very dubious about "PAU" as a cable address, but finally accepted it, and we cabled our arrival to Elsie Brown to telegraph to Lucy and the mothers. The little boy was punctilious; he came to the room twice to make sure of the message and to make a tiny correction in price.

We enjoyed our lunch in the large solemn hotel dining room. The cheerful little head waiter was ready with his English phrases; the waitresses knew no English, but were

friendly and patient with Clara's Spanish.

The hotel office gave us directions for finding the National City Bank of New York, where we cashed traveler's checks at the rate of four dollars equals seven pesos. The bank directed us to the United States Embassy on Carrera Septima; it seemed a long way out on that first afternoon, and very near later. At the consulate we talked with Col. Strong, Mr. Lovell and Miss James; at the Embassy with Mr. Donovan.

Next we delivered our letter from Doña Paulina Gomez Vega to her sisters. We found Carrera Octava, No. 17-86, a three story brick building on the corner of Calle 18. The entrance was barred by a high metal grill, locked. We rang, and after a long wait a little girl came and told us las Señoritas Gomez Vega lived on the third floor. We climbed the high narrow spiral of the stone stairway, and rang again. Another long wait. We presented our letter and cards, were bowed to chairs near the door, and began the longest wait of all. Then came Doña Silvia, who spoke very slowly and patiently^{so} that we could really talk with her. She would be glad to make a place for us, but it would take several days to do it. She would telephone us at the hotel when she could set a day.

Back to our room to rest before dinner. Telephone from the desk announced a caller, and we went down to make the acquaintance of Richard Schultes, a botanist from Harvard. He was to leave early next morning for seven months in the Putomayo region, working on poisonous and narcotic plants. We sat in the high gloomy hotel lounge, among the straight solemn black leather chairs and impressive tall floor lamps that cast an incredibly feeble light.

Dinner in the dining room, ending with a white pedestal bowl of Colombian fruits, mango, naseberry, finger bananas, and sad little wizened green peaches.

Feb. 6. We had planned to be at the Oficina de Policías at eight-thirty, to ask Sr. Esguerra for a cedula. We were a few minutes late and were told that he was out and would not return until three in the afternoon. Walked home through the Plaza de Bolívar, and looked around the patio of the Palacio de Gobierno; much effort to get up courage to ask name of statue from some hurrying male, finally found it on rear of pedestal -- Tomás de Mosquera. Walked all around Bolívar in center of plaza. Stopped at bookstore and bought a copy of "Condesa de Charny". Back at room in time to take a phone call from Murillo announcing his call. He came with Carlos Lehmann, who speaks English perfectly. Lehmann is an ornithologist who specializes on hawks; he is a great grandson of

Mosquera. We three had coffee and talked over my plans in the lounge, while Clara wrote letters upstairs. Later she came down, we talked more, and invited them to lunch. Murillo declined because of the illness of his wife, Lehmann accepted and took us to walk first. We went as far as the Biblioteca Nacional (on Calle 24) and Parque Independencia.



Murillo, Clara, Lehmann.

After lunch Murillo came back and we all took a taxi to the Policía. Clara and I sat and watched while the others talked with the officials and found that our diplomatic passports were sufficient without other papers. From there we walked to the observatory; it is a copy of the

Greenwich observatory and is dedicated to José Celestino Mutis. We sat in the library, dark and opulent looking, with massive tables and chairs, and talked with Dr. Jorge Alvarez Lleras, president of the Academia Colombiana de Ciencias. He is interested in the effect of actinic light on plants. He thinks we should not forget that the colonial period had its good points; that generous encouragement was given to science and that México was allowed to have better universities than Spain. Before leaving, I was presented with some of the back numbers of the Revista of the Academia. Carlos Lehmann left us outside of the observatory and we took a taxi to the Ministerio de Educación. The offices opened from a large hall on the second floor which looked out on the patio. The room was crowded with anxious looking women, and a few men --- teachers looking for jobs. December and January were vacation; the new term opened on February 10. After much maneuvering we were admitted to the office of the Ministro, and presented to Germán Arciniegas, who was standing at one side of the large room talking with a novelist, Osorio ?, and the editor of El Tiempo, Roberto García Peña. The Ministro spoke with us briefly in excellent English.

We three went back to the Granada by taxi (not realizing how near it was). In the shadowy lounge we talked with a reporter from El Tiempo; he took notes, and then set up his camera and took a picture of the three of us. Another taxi took us to the Ministerio de Economía Nacional. We waited a few moments in an empty white anteroom with a bright green rug and then were admitted and presented to Dr. Marco Aurelio Arango. He was alone, asked us to sit down and he put some

BOGOTÁ - COLOMBIA - SABADO 7 DE FEBRERO DE 1942

El célebre Entomólogo Americano Dr. Chapin se Encuentra en Bogotá

Es conservador de insectos del Museo de Washington, y jefe de la sección de entomología del mismo museo. El objeto de su visita.

Antier llegaron a Bogotá y se hospedan en el Hotel Granada el doctor E. A. Chapin y su esposa. El doctor Chapin es un célebre entomólogo americano, conservador de insectos y jefe de la sección de entomología del Museo Nacional de Washington. Su viaje a Bogotá obedece al deseo de contribuir a los estudios que realiza en esta capital desde hace varios años el doctor L. M. Murillo, entomólogo del ministerio de la economía nacional.

Hace nueve meses vino a Colombia el director del museo de Washington, doctor Wetmore, quien se mostró muy interesado en los trabajos de investigación que se realizan aquí, pero manifestó que no quería enviar a los países de la América Española ningún entomólogo del museo, mientras no supiera

hablar castellano correctamente. El doctor Murillo insistió ante el doctor Wetmore, obteniendo finalmente que fuese designado para venir al país el doctor Chapin, quien desde hace catorce años viene prestando sus invaluable servicios a la sección de entomología de Colombia.

Uno de los reporteros de EL TIEMPO visitó ayer al doctor Chapin en el hotel. No habla español aunque lo entiende. La señora Chapin, dama muy inteligente, quien ha contribuido a los estudios de su marido con la traducción de importantes obras científicas, sí lo habla. El doctor Chapin explica, por intermedio de ella, que está muy bien impresionado de Bogotá y que permanecerá unos treinta días en

(Continúa en la página 13).

El célebre entomólogo americano Dr. Chapin se halla en Bogotá

(Continuación de la página 1a.)

el país.

El doctor Chapin se ha dedicado durante largos años a la entomología sistemática y económica. En los últimos años, ha entregado su favor, en forma especial, al estudio de una familia de coleópteros, la de Coccinellidae; estos insectos son de grande utilidad para el hombre por que destruyen a otros que son perjudiciales.

Sus relaciones con Colombia

Las relaciones del doctor Chapin con Colombia datan de catorce años. Se hicieron cuando el doctor L. M. Murillo entró al servicio del gobierno colombiano, y buscó conexiones para apoyo de su labor en los Estados Unidos. Desde entonces, los entomólogos del museo de Washington y del departamento de agricultura de los Estados Unidos han contribuido a las investigaciones que se realizan en Colombia, y a los trabajos que se adelantan.

Como cosa especial, señala el doctor Chapin el interés que ha sentido hacia las indicaciones del doctor L. M. Murillo, de que la destrucción

inconsulta de selva puede causar la invasión de insectos perjudiciales a los cultivos en los Estados Unidos; por otra parte, las grandes extensiones de tierra cultivadas sin interrupción pueden dar origen a plagas que pueden causar considerables perjuicios. En el caso de la destrucción de la selva, se puede presentar la adaptación de los insectos dañinos a las plantas cultivadas por el hombre.

Sus actividades ayer

El doctor Chapin, en el día y medio que lleva en Bogotá, había visitado ya a los ministros de educación y economía, especialmente interesados ambos en los trabajos que se adelantan sobre entomología. La presencia del doctor Chapin es muy importante desde el punto de vista científico. Los Estados Unidos envían un hombre que tiene grande experiencia en la materia, para que colabore en los trabajos que se han venido realizando en Bogotá, con bastante entusiasmo y consagración, y con felices resultados, por el doctor Murillo y sus compañeros. De la presencia del doctor Chapin resultarán, indudablemente nuevos progresos en las investigaciones realizadas en Colombia.



El doctor Chapin, famoso entomólogo americano que acaba de llegar a Bogotá, aparece en esta fotografía con su esposa y el entomólogo colombiano don Luis M. Murillo.

rather definite questions about my plans for the visit; all this in Spanish. He was intelligently interested, with a practical eye to possibilities for the not too remote future.

Feb. 7. Mr. Eder ate breakfast with us, and showed us that we could have both piña and jugo de naranja just for the asking. He thinks that the agriculture of the Cauca valley cannot last much more than two generations longer, unless something is done to stop the reckless wood-cutting and the erosion that follows. He was joined by a Mr. Marshall, who exports gold and platinum from the Chocó. As we left the dining room we met Dr. and Mrs. Goodspeed, and talked with them a few minutes in the lounge; Thomas Harper Goodspeed, University of California botanist, beginning a tour of South America to lecture on gardens and collect plants for the University Arboretum.

Don Luis called for us at 9.30 and we took the inevitable taxi to the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores, stopping outside the building to look at the window from which Bolívar escaped while La Manuelita talked with the would-be assassins at the door. We waited in a second floor ante-room with old mirrors in a queer slanted crescent shape, and a large portrait of Suárez. Dr. Luis López de Mesa received us in his office, a large square wood-paneled room with low book shelves all around the walls; it had a Pan American Union calendar. He was interested in biological control and the relation of systematics to economics. He asked very meaty questions, some in English, more in Spanish.

Someone from the Consular service showed us through the building. The part occupied by the offices was formerly the Convent of San Carlos, a part of the Church of San Carlos. When Carlos III persecuted the Jesuits in 1767, both the convent and church changed their names to San Ignacio. Later, the convent changed back but the church still remains San Ignacio. The furniture consisted most-



Cupola of San Ignacio

ly of large heavy pieces of beautiful old carved wood, very dark. The patio had a formal garden. We stood on the second floor corridor of the patio to see where the wall was cut away at the back of the patio; near us in a corner of

the ancient corridor stood a very large white Hotpoint stove and a very small kitchen table with two empty demitasses on it. The wall at the back had been cut away obliquely and irregularly to open out into the new building; it was a rammed earth wall, about 18 inches thick, so hard that they had not been able to break it by hand and had to use a pneumatic pick.

From that corridor we went directly to the adjoining corridor of the new building, also with patio and garden, and had a fine view over the red curved-tile roofs to Monserrate; it looked very near, with moist gray clouds hanging close about it. The new building was in colonial style, with colonial furniture. We went to the top floor to see the library; not ready yet, but we could see the handsome dark brown cedar paneled walls and ceiling. The ceiling had beautiful gilded carvings set in panels at regular intervals; these carvings had been removed from an old convent.

At our request, we went next to the municipal building, to see in the library the originals of the Nuñez aquarelles in the Samper Ortega book on Bogotá. The librarian showed us the little paintings hanging in front of the book shelves and then took down many beautiful books for us to see. We were then taken to the room where the Consejo meets. The desks for the executive heads are down the middle of the room, with desks for the consejo members at the sides; there were many portraits on the side walls. On the front wall, above a platform, is a large oil painting of the Acta de Independencia; on the back wall, a standing portrait of El Libertador, over a large iron safe containing documents placed there in 1910 to be opened in 2010. When we left the librarian presented us with several volumes which had been published in connection with the 1938 celebration. These included "Calles de Santafé de Bogota" by Moises de la Rosa, "Francisco de Paula Santander" by Enrique Ortega Ricaurte, and "Libro de Cabildos de la Cibdad de Tunja" by the same author.

After lunch Mr. Brickell called on us at the hotel. We had asked for him at the embassy the first day but he was out. He is in charge of cultural relations, sifts candidates for becas, etc.; he came to Bogotá in November. He has lived in Spain for many years and was on the New York Evening Post in 1919-1920. He feels that although the cleavage between the haves and have-nots is tremendously wide here as in all of South America, still some sincere efforts are being made to improve the situation. The maids in the Hotel Granada are unionized and are well paid but maids in private homes are very poorly paid and there is always a feeling of hostility in that quarter. He took us to the Café Colombia for coffee; we went along meekly but with misgivings, and nothing happened.

After Mr Brickell left we walked out Calle 14 to Carrera 3^a,

north on Calle 22 and back on Carrera Séptima. Doors opened directly on the street, and along Tercera many were open; some led to the patio through a short wide passage, others to wretched rooms or to small dirty shops --- tailors, hats, shoe repairs, bread, meat, or groceries. The houses were in a solid block with the façades forming a continuous wall but the roofs unequal in height. A few were of brick, and a few of adobe but many (especially in the older parts of the city) were of rammed earth and all were stuccoed and painted buff, brick, pale blue, pale pink, etc. We passed a house marked "National Band of Bogotá" and heard the band playing the Star Spangled Banner. On Séptima (also called Calle Real and Avenida

de la República) the shops looked more like ours; many had show windows. The street was full of automobiles (mostly of the more expensive models), burros, and open carriages, rusty black with bright blue wheels.

Back at the hotel we had a call from John Butler; he has been in Bogotá for five years, some of the time for the government, but now for Texas Oil. Our three tall orange juices helped to light up the gloomy black lounge. We had dinner at the Goodspeed's table; they came by plane from San Francisco via México, Guatemala and Balboa and will go on to Perú and Chile.



John and Dorothea Butler

Feb. 8. Orange juice in bed, then I got up to take a walk down the Avenida Jiménez de Quesada to the Plaza de Narriño, and back to bed. Clara

wrapped herself in coats and blankets and read to me from the Condesa de Charney. There was a telephone call from Don Luis inviting us to go with him to the Quinta de Bolívar but we declined. I got up again about seven, sat in the lounge to watch its ten-minute twig fire, ate a light dinner in the dining room and went back to bed. My cold seemed much better. When one has a cold in Bogotá it seems worse because of the chill in the air and in all of the buildings.

RECORTES DE PRENSA

CALLE 14 NUMERO 7-95 - OFICINA NUMERO 3

APARTADO 15-52

BOGOTA - COLOMBIA

"EL SIGLO"

Fecha:

8-FEB 1942

Una gran labor desarrollan 5 entomólogos colombianos

A propósito de la visita que hace actualmente al país el profesor Chapin entomólogo del departamento de Agricultura de Washington es bueno destacar la labor inteligente, perseverante y de resultados magníficos que en esta interesante rama de la biología vegetal están prestando los meritorios y distinguidos profesionales doctores Francisco Luis Gallego, profesor de la Facultad Nacional de Agronomía de Medellín, Francisco José Otoya I. A., entomólogo auxiliar del Ministerio de la Economía Nacional, Belisario Lozada S. I. A., entomólogo de la Estación Agrícola Experimental de Palmira, Adalberto Figueroa I. A., entomólogo de la Granja Agrícola de Armero y Vicente Velasco Llano, I. A., quien actualmente hace estudios de especialización en los Estados Unidos. Este grupo de abnegados servidores públicos cuya actuación se hace sentir entre las masas campesinas puesto que su acción se extiende a ellas llevando el conocimiento de los sistemas de represión de plagas bien merece también ponerse en contacto con el profesor Chapin para que este aprecie y tome nota de sus trabajos y les haga las indicaciones que a su juicio sean convenientes para su orientación práctica profesional. Por esto creemos de suma conveniencia que el señor ministro de la Economía Nacional invite al profesor Chapin para que haga extensiva su visita a los centros donde están trabajando los especialistas colombianos que con fervor patriótico dedican todas sus energías a esta bella labor de investigación y defensa de la economía nacional.

Note.- Murillo is not mentioned!

Feb. 9. Don Luis called for us right after breakfast. He brought a ribbon-tied package which he presented to Clara --- a copy of the Cuatro Centenario de Bogotá, which we had plainly been wishing for. We all stepped into one of the taxis waiting along the curb of the Parque Santander, rode a few blocks, and got out at Parque Centenario where a university bus was waiting. These buses are provided by the government for the use of the students, faculty and other workers of the university and the transportation is free. The ride to University City was rough and jolty, many corners but no stops. It was a bright warm sunny day that set off the many flower beds along the road inside University City; there were



Instituto de Ciencias Naturales

also a few newly planted trees. We left the bus at the low white building of the Instituto de Ciencias Naturales, went in and walked along the patio to the entomological laboratory. There we were introduced to Sr. Francisco J. Otoya, Assistant Entomologist and Sr. Hernando Osorno M., the preparator. The collection of insects was small but the specimens were very well prepared and for the most part adequately labeled. It was stored in steel cases from Ward's, in Cornell drawers. The tray system is used. Unfortunately, the collection is badly out of balance; the Scarabaeidae, Coccinellidae and Tachinidae are all well represented, the remaining families of insects very poorly. Murillo's office is large, with windows on three sides; the laboratory, where the collection is housed, is about the same size but of course is quite crowded. Armando Dugand, Director of the Institute came in and after the introductions, I presented the palms and the sheets of preserved plants from Russell. Then we visited the laboratory of phytopathology and the bird and mammal division, where we met Sr. Borrero. There was

a very creditable display of mounted birds and other vertebrates in the room which I understand is used for teaching purposes. Next we went to the herbarium where we met Sr. José Cuatrecasas, a Spanish refugee and an accomplished botanist. He showed me the collection of "frailejones" and the genus *Lycopodium*. It was now about ten-thirty and a little maid brought in small cups of black coffee for all present. Having finished seeing the inside of the building we went out into the garden. Near the side entrance there



"Eliseo"

was a set of cages and we made the acquaintance of "Eliseo", a beautiful specimen of *Sarcorhamphus papa*, the King Vulture, whose head is completely nude but gaily colored in soft pastel shades. Nearby there were a few Philippine banana trees, sterile at the altitude of Bogotá.

Across the street from the front of the Institute is the beautiful Humboldt Memorial, a gift to University City from the Germans living in Colombia. From there we walked over to the stadium and were shown about by one of the secretaries. There were portraits of Santos and López; the latter was described as "our next president". We were served a luncheon in a café for students that is in the arcade around the base of the stadium -- papas fritas, salchichas and limonada. The room was a series of alcoves and on the back wall of each was a large vividly colored cartoon, one for each of the schools of the university -- engineering, veterinary science, medicine,

physical education, etc. The one for the vets was of a perplexed student trying to decide how to dissect a sawhorse! They had been done by a student using an air-brush. All were good and most of them were funny.

That finished our first day at the Institute and we took a bus back to Parque Centenario, where we parted with Murillo and walked to the Embassy. Mr. Brickell was not there but he was reached by telephone and we were told to go to his apartment. He met us at the house door and took us up to meet Mrs. Brickell and we had a pleasant talk. Later in the afternoon we saw her again in the lobby of the Granada and after hear-



Pool in patio of the Institute



Osorno, Otoyá, Murillo and Chapin
in Murillo's office.



In the garden

ing our tale of woe, she offered to have our laundry done with hers and would send her chauffeur around to get it.

Don Luis called at the hotel to show us a carbon copy of my appointment as "Tecnico Asesor" for the Ministerio de Economía, he and Otoya to work with me, and 500 pesos for expenses of special trips, etc. I showed him the photocopies of the plates for my Hippodamia paper; he seemed much interested and asked for several copies of the paper when it appears.

After dinner, we sat in the lounge and talked with a Mrs. Alexander from Texas; she is neither young nor strong but is touring South America by air and alone.

Feb. 10. We had breakfast with the Goodspeeds. Instead of the chauffeur, we took the bag of laundry to Mrs. Brickell's apartment for her maid to do. From there we went on to the Embassy and the telephone girl told us that we were invited to take lunch the next day with the Ambassador, Spruille Braden. Mr. Brickell was there and we were introduced to Mr. Hamlin of the Buffalo Museum. Brickell called a taxi and we all went to the Institute where we sat in Murillo's office and talked before walking around the grounds. Both Murillo and I took photographs. There was a young Californian entomologist at the Institute; his name is Hoover but apparently not a relative of Herbert. During our conversations, it was decided that the Coccinellids should, after preliminary study, be divided in half, except that all uniques are to remain at the Institute. Murillo will continue to collect and will try to find duplicates of the uniques.

We went back to the hotel for lunch and were invited to go up to the Goodspeed's room. They had Room 208, a large corner room looking



By the pool

up Carrera Séptima and down Calle 15, with a fine view of Monserrate; the bells of San Francisco, not far from the bed, begin to clang at five every morning.



Humboldt Memorial, facing the Institute.

I returned to the Institute at two-thirty to begin the work with the Coccinellidae. It was pretty rough going; I spoke no Spanish and Murillo spoke no English. However, we smiled and made gestures and got along after a fashion. The collection was in a case in Murillo's office and was arranged, if one can call it an arrangement, chronologically according to date of capture. Only the first specimen of each day's catch was labeled and then only with a number referring to an entry in a notebook. So there might be several species under one number and as most of the specimens were not labeled, it was next to impossible to shift individuals about at will. I made my identifications to genus only (except in rare cases) and kept a list for Murillo to use later. I also separated half of the duplicates to take back to Washington.

Clara started out alone to find a bank that would give her small change for a five-peso bill. In the middle of a street she met John Butler, who took her to the Banco de la República and also invited us to dinner for the next day. She noticed that the walls of many of the downtown buildings were scrawled in charcoal or black paint with such slogans as "Muera Hitler", "Ni sal ni agua para los Nazis", etc. There was also a very neat stenciled notice on many of the walls, "Apoyemos a la Union Soviética y a sus heroicos ejércitos rojos". She went back to the hotel and began writing letters and waiting for me to come back,

There was a telephone call from Señorita Gómez, to say that our room was ready for us. We decided to move in the morning, but as we could not manage to get a telephone call through, we took a taxi to the apartment to say so. After dinner we packed our bags ready for the move in the morning.

Feb. 11. First thing in the morning was our move to the new place -- Carrera 8^a, No. 17-86. A small girl answered the street bell; as there was no boy available, she and I carried the bags up to the third floor. Our room was large, fitted with two beds, two chairs, two small table desks and one wardrobe. It had two windows and opened from the living room. The bath was not too convenient, being across the living room and down a corridor. Clara and I walked to the university bus, then she went back to unpack and settle our new quarters. There are four sisters in all, Paulina who was in the States, Silvia next, left in charge of the home, then Manuela and last María, usually known as Maruja.

I went to the Institute and continued work on the beetles with Murillo. There were many questions that I wanted to ask but couldn't. Clara will go tomorrow and that will help. At noon Luis and I went back to town and at one o'clock we met Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin at the Granada. We took a taxi to Calle 73, No. 11-12, the home of the Ambassador. The house was large and square, it looked 19th or early 20th century and was rented from a family who had lived long in Japan; much of the furniture was of brick-red wood with wide gilt bands and scrolls and on the walls were some large family portraits in 18th century costumes, one of two plump little girls in wide pantalettes.

Mrs. Braden was quiet but warm and friendly; she is a Chilean and is not adjusted to the high altitude of Bogotá. She will be glad to move to a lower and warmer country. The Bradens have two daughters and a son, who is about ready to enter Yale. One of the daughters is married to a man by the name of Lyons. Braden came in shortly from the Embassy; cigarettes and Daiquiris were passed in the living room (two large rooms thrown together). The women sat together by the front windows while the men stood in a circle in the middle of the room. Braden told us something about the difficulties that we had had with Scadta and of the formation of Avianca.

The dining room was across the wide center hall. The table was set with doilies, edged with Flanders lace to match the clammy damp napkins, and three large vases of orchids. The meal was served by two excellent mozos. We had comfortingly hot mushroom soup, crab ramekins, breast of chicken, potato puree, peas, rolls, ice-cream



Francisco José Otoya

and coffee; cigarettes and cigars passed on tray with a fat square candle a la chimney. We had been warned not to try to sit down again in the living room after leaving the table and were soon driven back the the Embassy by Braden's chauffeur.



Hernando Osorno Mesa

As it was now too late to go to the Institute, we walked to Avenida Caracas to call on Professor Rivet, who had left a card for me at the hotel. We rang a bell at the street door, and in the course of time a head appeared at a third-floor window. "El Profesor?" "Sí!" said we. The street door latch was released and we climbed, met a maid and left a card; "El Profesor no está."

Back we went to Carrera Octava. We watched the population of Bogotá as it moved about; many burros with double packs, some with a small boy riding almost over the tail, others managed by a woman walking alongside; the load was usually two cases of soda pop. The women wore men's round-crowned black felt hats, black fringed

(sometimes embroidered) pañolones, longish black skirts and alpargatas. The men wore ruanas, either black or a dark striped mixture. Boys from well-to-do families wore dark suits with loose knee pants. We rested awhile in our room, then washed and walked to the Granada. With the Goodspeeds, we took a taxi to the Butlers home at Calle 30, N° 16A-25. By the time we arrived, it was black and rainy. Mr and Mrs Butler came out of the blackness with umbrellas to get us in. After we had taken off our wraps they showed us the house, new and spruce like most of the houses in Teusaquilla. Three bedrooms and a study upstairs. Living room with fireplace and a fire burning, made of real wood and not twigs as in the Granada; up one step and we were in a second living room with a piano and books. Beyond the large dining room was a service room with sink, refrigerator and china cupboard, then came the kitchen with a large built-in coal range filling one whole side, with

LA RAZON

MARTES 10 DE FEBRERO DE 1942.

PAGINA DOS

PARA LOS

**AGRICULTORES
Y GANADEROS**

A cargo de la
Oficina Agronómica

**DE TORRES
& DIAZ GALINDO**

Edificio Matiz
No. 67, Calle 15
No. 7-90, Aparta-
do 28-74. — Bogotá

El entomólogo doctor Chapin.

Registramos complacidos la visita del eminente entomólogo americano doctor Chapin quien acaba de llegar a Bogotá.

Grandes beneficios derivará el país de los estudios de este hombre de ciencia en cuanto se refiere a los insectos que atacan nuestros cultivos mayores y menores y que tantos daños causan a la economía nacional; es cierto que un distinguido colombiano Luis María Murillo ha adelantado con lujo de consagración y por su propia cuenta investigaciones con resultados tan satisfactorios que han merecido la aprobación de centros científicos de primer orden.

Es muy de agradecerse el interés que por nuestros asuntos agrícolas están tomando las entidades directivas de los Estados Unidos; con su valiosa cooperación no dudamos que en breve tiempo nos pondremos a la altura de las circunstancias y que con magno esfuerzo no solamente atenderemos a nuestras propias necesidades sino que también aportaremos valioso contingente económico para el bienestar de nuestra América.

a boiler over the range, and various work tables. Beyond the kitchen was the laundry, with one big deep soapstone tub which was square and with a slanting shelf at the left on which to pound the clothes.

In the living room we had highballs or tomato juice, French fried tomato strips, and canapes. There were three other guests, all oil people - Dr and Mrs Carroll and Dr Lobo Guerrero, who is a graduate of M. I. T. Butler worked for the government when he first came to Colombia and was out in the field so much that Dorothy went to work for Texas; later he changed to Texas, but is still away much of the time and wives are not allowed to go on field trips. They are allowed three months of home leave each three years of service. Dinner was served at 8.45; we had fresh pineapple, chicken and noodle soup, beans, scalloped tomatoes, bisquit, raisin coleslaw and chocolate pie. Coffee was served in the living room. We played games in the second living room until nearly midnight and Dr Lobo drove us home.

Feb. 12. Both of us went to the Institute at 9.30 but I did not try to start any work because Don Luis wanted us to get our yellow fever shots. We three came back into town and took a street car to the Rockefeller laboratory where we met Dr Bugher. He gave us our shots and we found them quite painless. Our immunity will start in ten days. He took us through the laboratory and showed us the insect cages; mosquitoes from Buenavista, Rio de Janeiro and other places. Many white bowls of living larvae; when the larvae have pupated, bowl and all are placed in a cage. They are working on the problem of why the Buenavista strain will not carry yellow fever while the Rio strain does. Work is also being carried on with ticks and chiggers but so far with negative results. Colombia has three species of *Hae-magogus* but the main carrier's name is still in doubt. Shannon has material and is working on the genus.

We came back to town by bus which gave us a chance to meet Señora Isabel de Murillo; she got on the bus on her way to the clinic, just before we got off. Murillo took us to a bookstore on Calle Doce where we got a pair of 2" pocket dictionaries.

Lunch at Casa Gómez was our first appearance at the table with the others (breakfast is very irregular). Besides Silvia, Manuela and Maruja, there were Edna James from the Embassy, Natalie Henry who works on *El Tiempo* on an exchange fellowship, and a chap named Hall who is with the Grace Line. Later we found out that it was his room that was turned over to us and that he had to take a small room beyond the bath. Anyway, he was leaving soon to take an apartment with some other men. It was obvious that Miss James deeply resented our coming to Casa Gómez.

Feb. 13. Today we had our first letter from Lucy. All is going well with her. We went to the Institute together and found Don Luis anxious to take photographs of us. We all went across the street into the formal garden near the Humboldt Memorial. Back in the Institute we met Inés de Zulueta and Emilio García de Molino. Doña Inés is the daughter of Luis de Zulueta, émigré Spaniard who writes a column every so often for *El Tiempo*; and she works as an artist in the Institute. García is a botanist, also on the staff.

We returned to Carrera 8^a at noon and found the cards of the Ambassador. By mistake, cards intended for the Hamlins had also been left so we walked over to the Granada with them. After lunch, which in Bogotá is just like dinner, we went back to the laboratory and I continued to work on the Coccinellids. As I had caught up with Murillo who is mounting specimens from capsules, I started to segregate the duplicates in *Pentilia*. In cases where there are many specimens, I am not taking more than 20, unless necessary in order to have all localities represented. Unfortunately there are some species represented by uniques which will complicate my work later on. We left at five to go to Goodspeed's lecture and kodachromes at the Biblioteca. We were early and used the time to see an ethnological exhibit, (pottery, stone artifacts, woven textiles, etc) in one of the halls. The lecture was not a great success. The subject was "Autumn Coloration" and in as much as the bogotanos had never seen it, the films had to be superlative in order to put the idea across. And the first roll of film was far from even good (overexposed and the runs were too short). Between rolls, about half the audience drifted out, not to return. Too bad because the second roll was much better. We saw and chatted with the Brickells, the Butlers and the Cuatrecasas.

Feb. 14. Again we both went to the Institute in the morning. Don Luis suggested that Inés take Clara around and show her the buildings. They visited the School of Veterinary Science, the Law School and the School of Architecture. All of the buildings have been built since 1938, so are quite new, with new furniture, large windows and spacious grounds; the libraries are quite attractive but as yet have few books. In the stables of the veterinary school some students were standing around a live horse, the subject of the lecture; and in the architecture building some were drawing and some were working in clay, copying architectural details. Most of the rooms were empty because it was Saturday. In the law school there was a large crucifix high on the wall at the back of the auditorium platform. In the veterinary school fourteen children had been

inoculated against rabies the day before.

Doña Inés has been in Bogotá only a year or so; her father came from Spain in 1937; she was in Rome and came later. One of her sisters teaches Spanish at Wheaton and another is in the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

After lunch Señor Osorno called at the apartment to take us to see his beehives. He lives in an old house near Carrera 3ª and Calle 16 or 17. It is ochre colored and is in the old style, with the door opening directly on the street. We entered first a short unlighted passage, which led to another door. Beyond that was a flowered patio on our right, with overhangs on all four sides, then another short passage leading to a second patio, this time on our left, with large pots of plants, and on the near side there was a small pipe standing two feet above the floor and ending in a faucet which was very slowly filling an old tin pail. Another corridor connected this patio with another, somewhat larger and paved with square stones. Here to our right was a high stone tub with a woman washing; she paid no attention to us. There were many small rectangular beds built up with old bricks set on edge; they were mostly grassed over, with small trees and shrubs, and bordered with privet hedge. (See picture of Osorno on page 20). There was an Abutilon with yellow flowers, a very large privet, a smaller privet with variegated leaves and a large bush of huge yellow roses. There were several cages of birds, one



Alicia, María Teresa, Isabel, the Chapins, Isabelita, Osorno.

containing two "azulejos", gray-blue birds about the size of our catbird; one of the other birds was a mustard yellow and two were dark blue. The bumblebees (*Bombus rubicundus*) were living in wooden box hives that could be opened for inspection. The lower part was a drawer containing a layer of charcoal with sphagnum moss above it. The charcoal was to inhibit the growth of molds. The bees were in a big lump of comb and were very tame. The hive had a flat top, with wooden triangular supports at each end for the two slope tin roof. In a bottom corner was a little window, small enough to keep in the queen but large enough to let out the

workers. One of the colonies was flourishing but the other contained only specimens of *Antherophagus*, a cryptophagid beetle that is either parasitic or a commensal in bumblebee nests. Osorno took us to his study, a small room without window that opened off the second patio; there were shelves of books, some Japanese.

Don Luis came in a taxi and the four of us went to the Quinta de Bolívar. In the first room we found Doña Isabel and the three daughters, Isabelita, María Teresa and Alicia. The director escorted us through the rooms of the house and took us around the grounds and gave us blossoms from the garden. In the bedroom was Bolívar's big mahogany bed, with a crucifix on the head-board. We went into the dining room where there was a long table and chairs. On the back wall was a large painting of the army struggling to cross the páramo of Cocuy, where



Monserrate from Quinta



El Libertador



The group, again and again.



El Mirador

many of the soldiers died of cold; along the side walls of the room were the flags of Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, Venezuela, Perú and Panamá. The bath was almost a swimming pool, an octagonal tank with bricked edge, entered only from Manuela's dressing room, itself a one room brick building. On the north side of the Quinta, near the boundary wall, stands the Mirador, from the second floor of which one gets a fine view. The wall beside the Mirador figures in a story about Manuela and a monkey, part of the ferocity between the followers of Bolívar and Santander.

Osorno had gone home and the Murillos took us to the Boquerón, a part of Bogotá's water supply to which admittance is had only with a pass. We passed over or around some water tanks and up a hill, through beds of foxglove (digital) and carnation (clavel). The side hill has been planted with eucalyptus, good rich green when old and tall, cloudy bluish green when young. I collected a bit here and there, some large otiorhynchid weevils, one large scarab, *Ancognatha* sp., and a few *Epilachna* sp.

Came out of the reservation and walked back along Calle 18 to Carrera 7^a where we said goodbye to the Murillos. Then to the Granada to say goodbye to the Goodspeeds, who are leaving for Perú via Cali Sunday. We waited in the lobby with the Carrolls who were also saying goodbye. The Carrolls invited us to dinner on Saturday and Mrs. Carroll asked Clara to tea on Wednesday. Finally the Goodspeeds arrived, the Carrolls

left and the Goodspeeds invited us to stay for dinner. We went up to their room to clean up and the Cuatrecasas called to say their goodbyes. Mrs Cuatrecasas helped Clara call the señoritas by telephone to say that we would not be in for dinner. Dr Cuatrecasas goes to Medellín Sunday for two weeks work on orchids with Roy Metcalf.

Feb. 15. We got up late and after breakfast walked to the Plaza de Bolívar. I bought cigarettes and we returned to our room where we rested and read *El Tiempo* until lunch time. There was a guest at lunch, an antioqueño, who spoke slowly and clearly. At two Don Luis called, bringing a straw hamper and some Indian figures carved from wood as a gift to Lucy from the girls. He didn't stay but said he would be back at three to take us to the Parque Nacional. Meanwhile Mrs Brickell called and invited us to tea at six.

There is a fine view of the city and the university from near the new building for the Colegio San Bartolomé. This is in the new Barrio de la Merced, where the houses are new and elegant. We sat on the grass and waited for Doña Isabel and the three daughters. We walked up the hill along wooded roads. At one place there were many pigmy crickets (*Tridactylus* sp.). Not easy to catch. Took some flea beetles on a *Solanum*, these Alicia called "chiqui-

ticos", and a coccinellid. We were shown curuba both in flower (bright red) and in fruit (green and longish, like small cucumbers). Back down the hill, past animal cages, one with a bear, another with small monkeys, until we came to the gardens of the Parque. Many people were enjoying



Fountain in Quinta



Collecting.



Four views in the Parque Nacional

the grass and trees, the flower beds, the roller skating rink and several basketball courts. Near the north end of the park there is a very large relief map of Colombia, made of concrete and painted to show rivers, roads and cities. It is in the bottom of a pit like a dry swimming pool so that the observer sees it from about ten feet above. It is very well done and is quite instructive.

On the way home we stopped at the Brickell's for tea but we were a little late. A Mr and Mrs Duffield were already there; they are to be in Colombia for a year to collect folk songs and are living in an apartment in the university dormitory.

Back to Casa Gómez at 7.30. We sat down in the living room and tried to talk Spanish with the señoritas. Clara made fair progress but I couldn't think of a word to say except "Espantoso!". Then they went to a movie, we to bed.

Feb. 16. First thing after breakfast we went to Tia's to buy souvenir postcards. Then I went to the Institute. Don Luis is to get our "salvoconductos" this morning and I am to work with Otoyá and Osorno. I sat at the dissecting microscope and they brought specimens for me to pass on. I could get the family and often the subfamily; sometimes I would know the genus. We cleaned up lots of odds and ends that had puzzled them and in general I am sure it was a help to them. At 11, Don Luis came and asked me to bring our passport when I come back in the afternoon. In the meantime, Clara had gone for the mail, finding letters from New York and the Blackwelders; then to the Banco de la República to change five pesos but they could give her nothing smaller than 50 centavos so she went on along Carrera 8^a to the Royal Bank of Canada where she found some 20 centavo pieces. At the window she talked with a woman who had lived several years in New York and remembered it kindly.

We met at Casa Gómez for lunch. I took the passport and went to the Institute. Murillo disappeared with it and was to meet us at Parque Independencia at 5.15. We, Otoyá, Osorno and I continued as in the morning. While they do not have a large collection, there are, nevertheless some very nice things in it. Met Don Luis at the appointed time and he had the salvoconductos that permitted us to go anywhere in Colombia during the next seventy days. Home at 5.30 and walked downtown with Clara. We left the film pack to be developed and it will be ready at 4 tomorrow afternoon. From there we went over to Carrera 13 and saw the outside of Colegio de la Merced at Calle 15. There was a long gorgeous black car parked in the middle of the much too narrow street so that traffic was almost halted; a tired old horse, harnessed to a load of burlap bundles, was parked head on and close to a car, not tied but patiently standing and waiting. We walked along Carrera 13, sometimes called Avenida Boyacá, to Calle 18, then to the apartment where we met the Butlers just coming away; they had called to invite us to dinner the next night.

We had Spanish with our dinner, the doctor from Antioquia talked slowly and clearly so that one of us understood quite a lot. He is learning English and is both earnest and thorough about it. Mr Brickell called after dinner, bringing our clean clothes. After he left, we played Chinese checkers with the girls until quite late and when we went to bed we found there was no water.

Feb. 17. We both went to the Institute in the morning. I first segregated the Chilocorinae and Epilachninae and then started on the Hyperaspinae. We also talked over the plans for the Medellín trip. To Casa Gómez for lunch, stopping at the Embassy for mail; found a letter from Marion Fessenden.

I went back to the Institute alone and continued work on Hyperaspis; there evidently are many species in Colombia, some of which certainly occur in Venezuela or Ecuador. Clara went to ride with Mrs Brickell and "little girl", who studied in a convent in the United States and speaks good English but with much repetition of "My word" and "My Lord". They drove out Avenida Caracas, which was originally Carrera 14, to Chapinero, then out the main road to the north (a continuation of Carrera 7^a) through Usaquén and on to the Puente del Común, a bridge over the Rio Bogotá constructed in 1792.



Puente del Común

Just across the bridge the road forks; to the north is the road to Zipaquirá and to the west the one to Chía. They turned toward Chía and started to look for the house of General Marquez. There were a few trees, some wide enough to give a little shade; there were blue and pink houses against the low hillside and priests in long black gowns and broad, very low-crowned, black hats walking slowly at the side of the road. Having located the house, surrounded by a high wall of rammed earth finished in white, with its own tile roof, they pulled the bell in a small grated window in the tall corner gate; there was a loud clang but no answer^a. Presently a small girl appeared in the road outside the wall and showed them a smaller gate down the road. She went in and spread the news. Soon a boy appeared, took the message, went in, and came back with word that the Sister would be out in fifteen minutes. She came, a dark-eyed, fair-skinned nun with a very fine face; wearing an enormous



REPUBLICA DE COLOMBIA

DEPARTAMENTO:

AGRICULTURA

Ministerio de la Economía Nacional

SECCION: Entomolog.

NUMERO: 265-E.-

Bogotá, Febrero 17/41.

Señor

Doctor E.A. Chapin, Jefe del Departamento
de Entomología del Museo de Washington ,
S. M.

Muy querido doctor y amigo:

Tengo el gusto de enviar a usted, con la presente carta, un ejemplar del "Diario Oficial" Nro. 24885, en cuya página 464 se ha publicado el Decreto No. 327 procedente del Ministerio de la Economía Nacional y por el cual el Gobierno le confiere a usted carácter oficial y destina una partida para atender a sus gastos de transporte de las excursiones que realice en Colombia.

Sirve esta carta, además, para manifestarle la simpatía y admiración que sienten por usted, los funcionarios de la Sección de Biología Vegetal del Ministerio de la Economía y del Instituto de Ciencias Naturales de la Universidad Nacional, y para expresarle mi agradecimiento por la cooperación generosa del doctor Wetmore, de usted y del Museo de Washington.

Le ruego presentar mis respetos a su distinguidísima esposa.

Soy su amigo y discípulo-colega,

Luis María Murillo

Luis María Murillo,
Jefe del Servicio de Entomología.

LMM-CGM



REPUBLICA DE COLOMBIA

DIARIO OFICIAL

ORGANO DE PUBLICIDAD DE LOS ACTOS DEL GOBIERNO NACIONAL

EDICION DE 16 PAGINAS

S. CORREAL TORRES
Director de la Imprenta Nacional

Bogotá, viernes 13 de febrero de 1942.

AÑO LXXVII—NUMERO 24885
Fundado el 30 de abril de 1864

MINISTERIO DE LA ECONOMIA NACIONAL

Estudios de Entomología.

DECRETO NUMERO 327 DE 1942 (FEBRERO 9)

por el cual se forma una comisión para hacer estudios de Entomología en el país.

El Presidente de la República de Colombia,
en uso de sus atribuciones legales, y

CONSIDERANDO

que el doctor E. A. Chapin, Jefe del Departamento de Entomología del Museo de Washington, llega próximamente a Colombia, con el objeto de colaborar en el estudio que sobre ciertas especies útiles para la agricultura del país viene adelantando la Sección de Biología Vegetal del Ministerio de la Economía Nacional,

DECRETA:

Artículo 1º Confiérese al doctor E. A. Chapin el carácter de Técnico Asesor de la Sección de Biología Vegetal del Ministerio de la Economía Nacional durante su permanencia en Colombia.

Artículo 2º Nómbranse en comisión al Entomólogo y Entomólogo Auxiliar de la Sección de Biología Vegetal, señores Luis María Murillo y Francisco José Otoya, respectivamente, para que acompañen en sus excursiones al doctor Chapin. La Comisión rendirá al Ministerio de la Economía Nacional informe pormenorizado de sus labores, y el Técnico Asesor entregará al mismo Ministerio un ejemplar de cada una de las especies que colecciona.

Artículo 3º Destinase hasta la suma de quinientos pesos (\$ 500) para atender a los gastos de permanencia y transporte dentro del país, del doctor E. A. Chapin, los cuales se cubrirán con cargo al capítulo 47, artículo 587, del Presupuesto vigente.

Comuníquese y publíquese.

Dado en Bogotá a 9 de febrero de 1942.

EDUARDO SANTOS

El Ministro de la Economía Nacional,

Marco Aurelio ARANGO

debe expedirse el correspondiente título de adjudicación.

Artículo 7º El Gobierno podrá celebrar con el Instituto de Crédito Territorial o con cualquiera otra persona, natural o jurídica, los contratos o arreglos que fueren necesarios para la edificación de casas campesinas en las parcelas que se adjudiquen, de acuerdo con el presente Decreto.

Artículo 8º Para la construcción de la casa campesina, el parcelario queda amparado por la presunción de campesino pobre, y gozará de los privilegios de la Ley 46 de 1939 y de las demás disposiciones vigentes sobre la materia, sin necesidad de declaración ulterior al respecto.

Si el Gobierno construye la casa campesina directamente, o por intermedio de persona o entidad distinta del Instituto de Crédito Territorial podrá contratar con una compañía un seguro de vida en favor del parcelario, para que en caso de muerte de éste, se salde totalmente la deuda adquirida para la construcción de la casa campesina.

El mismo seguro podrá ser contratado, separada o conjuntamente con el anterior, para las deudas correspondientes al valor de la parcela y de las inversiones a que se refiere el artículo 5º de este Decreto.

Artículo 9º El Ministerio de la Economía Nacional podrá disponer la creación de Juntas encargadas de colaborar con el Gobierno, o con las entidades correspondientes, en el desarrollo de los planes de parcelación. Será de cargo de dicho Ministerio señalar el número de miembros de estas Juntas, la manera de elegirlos, y las funciones que les competen.

Artículo 10. Los contratos a que se refieren los artículos 2º y 7º del presente Decreto, sólo necesitan para su validez de la aprobación del señor Presidente de la República, previo concepto favorable del Consejo de Ministros, cualquiera que sea su cuantía.

Artículo 11. La adjudicación definitiva de las parcelas corresponde hacerlas al Ministerio de la Economía Nacional, por medio de resolución, que deberá ser aprobada por el señor Presidente de la República. Esta resolución, debidamente registrada en la Oficina de Registro de instrumentos públicos y privados, correspondiente a la situación del predio, constituirá el título de propiedad del adjudicatario.

Artículo 12. Las parcelas que se adjudiquen de acuerdo con las disposiciones del presente Decreto, y los demás bienes, derechos

white starched head-dress, and a white apron over a long full dress made of some heavy cream-colored goods. She invited the visitors in to see the house, where four Sisters take care of six feeble-minded girls of wealthy families. First, with great pride, came the hall closet with a real telephone on the shelf. Next, the Sisters' rooms, each with two white beds, a chair, a washstand, a large crucifix lying on the bed; there were big pots of flowers on the sills outside the windows. The girls' rooms had dark beds, many small figures on the tables, a shelf of objects in each room and there was a large rag doll. The visitors were then taken to the long salon with tables, chairs and vases of flowers; opening into the salon was an archway chapel and a small room furnished with a shrine and benches. "Little girl" took off the jacket of her dress, folded it over her head like a hood, and knelt at the shrine.

The garden was in two sections, separated by a small interior wall. Near the house was the flower garden, with many beautiful flowers. Some of these were picked and bestowed in rounds of three - forget-me-not, carnations, poppies, verbena, red verbena and myrtle (with berries like small pale cherries). The vegetable garden was large and contained several small fig trees, some medium-sized peach trees with clusters of small green peaches, "la primera cosecha!" There were also many plum trees, some small apple trees and a tiny pear tree with one blossom.

From the General's house, they went on to the village of Chía, past the church and the central market square where pottery is sold on Sundays and Thursdays. As they came to the railroad crossing the gates were down and a train was stopping, with third class and first class coaches; women and boys were waiting to run along under the windows with round baskets of fruit and bizcochería. They bought tiny paper bags of mogollitos (small crisp short cracker-rolls) and obleas (thin, white, and soft, with slightly sweetened flavor in middle).

On the return trip they were stopped at the Bogotá retén, while Luis, the chauffeur, climbed to the high lighted porch of the station, talked long, went in, stayed long, came out and down to the car with two officers who inspected papers and then offered for protection, an eight-day permit for the car; there must be no more delay in getting Bogotá plates!

Meanwhile, I had gone from the Institute with Murillo to a meeting of the Academia Colombiana where I heard myself elected to Corresponding Membership. The meeting was longer than I had anticipated and at 7.50 I was excused to go to dinner in Teusaquillo at 7.30. Murillo

LUIS MARIA MURILLO

BOGOTA-COLOMBIA

CORREOS, APARTADO 28-48

INSTITUTO DE CIENCIAS NATURALES

SECCION DE ENTOMOLOGIA

JEFE DEL SERVICIO

(PERSONAL)

Febrero 18 de 1942.

Señor
Doctor Edward A. Chapin,
S. M.

Querido maestro y colega:

Es grato para mí poder ofrecer a usted como una demostración de admiración y un símbolo de camaradería de nuestra Academia de Ciencias, la insignia de esa institución.

Amigo afectísimo,

Luis María Murillo.

and I caught a taxi near the Capitol and went first to Casa Gómez. I went upstairs and found that Clara had gone on before me. Back to the taxi and I followed, arriving at the Butlers ten minutes behind her. The Carrolls, the Morenos and Benjamín Alverado were the other guests. The drinks and canapes were served in the living room, then we dined and after dinner we played a Parker game based on football called "Kick-in". Señor Alverado drove us home.

Feb. 18. Both of us went to the Institute in the morning. I started in on the Scymninae while Clara took a walk with Doña Inés. They talked about the projected visit to Medellín and Inés said that her father had a friend there that we would like to meet; he will give us a letter to her. She also told Clara about certain variations in spelling and use of rhymes that indicate that there was no lisp in Spain before the 17th century.

After lunch I went back to the Institute to continue with the Scymnines; Clara went downtown to buy postcards, etc. She took a taxi to Carrera 11A, N° 69-38, for tea with Mrs Carroll. Mme Cuemet and Mme Renguer were already there. They played Mah-jong in the fire-place end of the living room, then had tea in the dining-room at table. She came back by streetcar with the others.

Feb. 19. Again we both went to the Institute in the morning, I to continue with the Scymninae, Clara to interpret when called on and to talk with Doña Inés. Inés invited us to tea at her home on Saturday and, probably through Don Luis, we were also invited to Dr Samper Ortega's for lunch on Monday at his home. On the way back to Casa Gómez we called at the consulate for mail - letters from Lucy, both mothers, both sisters and Elsie.

Before going back to the Institute in the afternoon, we went to the bank and the photo store. At the laboratory, we made plans for trips to Guasca and Pacho, to try and get additional specimens of two apparently undescribed species. Almost finished the Scymninae and we go to Guasca tomorrow. After dinner we played Chinese checkers (Chinas Damas) with Manuela and Maruja.

Feb. 20. Had an early breakfast and was called for by Murillo, Otoya and Osorno at seven. We went out the extended Carrera 7^a to the Bogotá city line where we were stopped at the retén to show cedulas and my salvoconducto. Then through Usaquén and a little beyond where we turned right to go up and over the first range of hills, coming out in a beautiful little valley. We ran north about 15 kilometers and again turned right to cross a second range. The valley was all farming land, with barbed-wire strung on stone posts enclosing plots of both grazing and cultivated land. we

had a puncture and while the chauffeur (Moreno) was fixing it, we tried to collect in a pasture but with no results. Much too dry. After crossing the second row of hills we found ourselves in a small edition of the Sabana and, miles ahead, could see the town of Guasca,



Guasca

where Murillo was born. Quite typical of the Colombian towns, with its large and imposing church facing the central square and the low, mostly one-story houses of rammed earth or adobe. Streets are very narrow and poorly paved. We stopped long enough to buy bread, cheese and bottled beer for our lunch, to be eaten up on the páramo. Off again and up to the crest of the divide, a bleak, wind-swept saddle at 3,300 meters or about 10,700 feet. This was the true páramo, with stunted vegetation and many plants of "frailejón", a composite of the genus *Espelettia* which has wooly leaves and a central stem bearing six to twelve miniature sunflowers. There are in all about 55 species of *Espelettia*, all but five of which are confined to Colombia; the other five have distributions which include Venezuela or Ecuador.

We collected on the frailejón, getting many Membracidae and Tripetidae. No Coccinellidae which was a disappointment, as the collection at the Institute contains a short series of a very interesting species of *Hinda* or related genus, all taken at this very place. After a lunch of bread and cheese we started down the other side of the divide, dropping in a short time to 1,900 meters at Puente Licio, 5 kms. west of Gachetá. Here we collected on citrus, coffee, guava, etc. for nearly four hours, getting a good series of Coccinellids. Before starting for home, we ran into Gachetá for a bottle of soda as we were getting very thirsty. Left Gachetá for Bogotá at 4, which left a little time to collect on the

way home. We did stop once, at Km. 65 from Bogotá to take many specimens of an *Epilachna* on a large composite, identified at the Institute as *Montanda excelsa* Ern. and on *Solanum scorpioidium* (Rusby). It was nearly dark when we reached Guasca and our headlights had been giving us trouble; Moreno worked over them and improved the situation. I was very tired when we reached Carrera 8ª at 8.15.



Ollas in Guasca market

During the day, Clara had taken the broken handbag to the shoemaker almost next door, mailed letters, and read *El Tiempo* in Parque Independencia. After lunch she called for the bag, found it ready and well mended, called for the last batch of photos and had her hair done at the Instituto Francés de Belleza in Calle 12.

Feb. 21. We slept late and so were late at the Institute. My first job was to write up my notes on the trip, sort the catch and pack the specimens for the return to Washington. At the Institute I sorted Coccinellidae until noon. After lunch we mailed some letters and Manuela helped Clara get some paint spots off her hat. Murillo called for us and took us to Dr Zulueta's for tea. We arrived much too early to the embarrassment of both ourselves and our hosts. However we had a pleasant time. The house was one of the newer type, at Avenida 32, N° 14-46. Dr Luis de Zulueta received us in the front living room; Doña Inés came down soon and moved us into the adjoining room which was much lighter and brighter, with a big bowl of small white flowers on the table. Dr Zulueta spoke in clear and simple Spanish and told us of his first visit to Berlin as a student with no German at all. He described seeing masses of a coccinellid along the shores of the Mediterranean that must have been *Coccinella septempunctata*. He also showed us a letter from his wife in New York with some words cut out by the censor; "sin la guerra" he could tell, knowing her writing so well. Soon his son came in; he



Frailejones

is studying tropical medicine. After we had been there a long time, two more guests arrived; one of them was Isabel Lleras Restrepo, of Medellín. Then more guests and more. Tea was served in the dining room, standing; we were given small plates with small forks like lemon forks with which to eat tiny sandwiches; mocha cake for dessert. We talked with Sra. Julia de Parra who was born in England and spoke British English. There was a general conversation in the rear living room about the extent of Spanish influence on the Colombian makeup, led by Drs de Zulueta, Arciniegas and José Nieto. We made our good-byes through two rooms and took a street car because there was no taxi in sight.

We found the Butlers waiting in a taxi outside our door and we washed and changed as quickly as possible. Off to the Carroll's for dinner, which was very late as is the custom. There were sixteen at table and we were placed beside



Tilted strata at Guasca

Mr and Mrs Bower for the long session of drinks and canapés. He was in Bogotá for some time fifteen years before and is now back; he finds more democracy here than in any other country in South America; is trying to get Monserrate bought for a public park("the best back drop in the world"); he believes that eucalyptus trees do not hold the soil and that other kinds should be planted, also that the quarries are unsightly and should be covered and the necessary stone be brought from a distance.

For dinner, four card tables were brought in all set with jellied bouillon. Buffet on dining room table; roast beef, yam soufflé, baby carrots, stuffed onions, canned asparagus, hot biscuits; tables were all ready when we came back to

them. Mr Carroll told tales of life in Cúcuta. The maids cleared the tables, brought a sweet soufflé, with sauce, and coffee. We moved into the living rooms, two tables of bridge were organized in one and a large table for continental rummy was set up in the other. Clara and I played rummy until after midnight. John Butler got a taxi and came with us; we also brought away one maid and one guest that we let off at Ciudad Restrepo (where the water goes off before she gets home in the afternoon.

Feb. 22. Sunday so we did not go to the Institute. Instead we had a late breakfast and then went out for a walk. We went as far as Carrera 13 and Calle 24, then back to Casa Gómez and back to bed. Slept until lunch. At 3, Don Luis called with the car and took us for a drive. We went south past a large hospital and through the barrios of Las Cruces and San Cristóbal; we saw several good new school buildings, all dating from Alfonso López. Then up a steep curving road with many right angles and large stones to the Acueducto Vitelma, Bogotá's main water supply. We climbed up to the top for the excellent view of the city. Although most of the apparatus of the plant was not in operation, it was interesting to go over the building, along with many other visitors. The chlorination tanks and the spray cooling system were both working. Across the road was a little hill with a sentinel standing on the very peak; a horseman was climbing toward him along the ridge, and a man riding a mule just behind, all sharply silhouetted against a background of telephone poles and sky.

From the Acueducto we drove along the upper road to La Peña, a little white church set high on the side hill above Bogotá. The altar was lighted and the sound of chanting came from behind it and in the front benches there were four nuns praying, rising, kneeling; around the walls were paintings of the Stations of the Cross. Outside were many beggarboys, crying "Centavitos, Monsieur".

From La Peña we continued along the upper road, getting another fine view of the city; we could distinguish the Cathedral, the Bull Ring (Bogotá is said to have the best bull fights to be seen in the New World) and University City. The road ran past the lower station of the funicular railroad up Monserrate to join the same road that we took last Sunday to Parque Nacional. From there we came back to Casa Gómez and, still feeling tired, we went to bed at five o'clock, without dinner.

Feb. 23. Up at eight feeling much better. We both went to the Institute where we learned that Doña Isabel was worse and the Murillos would not go to the luncheon.

Clara and I took a taxi to the Samper Ortega home at Carrera 11, N^o 76-40. The maid showed us to the living room and Dr Samper Ortega came in soon, followed at intervals by his wife, his daughter Beatriz, his sister (or sister-in-law) and "Teresita", Teresa Cuerva Borda, who is in charge of the art exhibits at the Biblioteca Nacional. Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres were served in the salon. A Mr Walpole, from England by way of Canada, and who had been in Colombia only a few months but seemed to be planning a long stay, had arrived a few minutes before us. A little later Germán Arciniegas and his wife and the Brickells appeared. At the luncheon I was seated between Mrs Brickell and Doña Beatriz, who is studying and practicing English. Clara was the other side of Doña Beatriz and at Dr Samper's left, with Señora de Arciniegas and Mr Walpole across the table. The Samper son is at Cornell in the School of Agriculture. Señora de Samper spoke good English but very sparingly; the sister and daughter fluently. The menu consisted of curuba, soup, fish loaf with sauce and potato balls, filet mignon, peas, beans, lettuce, cream pie and coffee. After leaving the table, liqueurs were offered in the salon but were refused by all and we all took our prompt departures.

The Brickells took us in their car with Mr Walpole to the Gymnasio Moderno where Walpole teaches English; in the main building we saw the dining room and lounge. The other English teacher was out but at his door we met his young wife. In a low brick building nearby we saw the first grade room, with a teacher and one little boy.

From the Gymnasio we drove to the Embassy and left Mr Brickell, then out the road beyond the turn to Techo Airport to Fontibón and around its square plaza, all laid out in flower beds. On one side of the square in a low flat block were the town offices, the tesorero, juzgado, etc.; dismal looking buildings. On another side of the square was the large church with a clock in one of its towers.

On the way back we saw a "tomineja" (a small blue bird) in the dusty bushes by the side of the road; the bushes were some species of Solanum and looked eaten so I got out of the car and looked for Epilachna but found none. As we entered Bogotá we passed between the huge statues of Columbus and Isabella, high at the sides of the road.

After dinner we had a Spanish lesson at Casa Gómez and learned that the lower class women wear pañoñones, not mantillas and that the señoritas do not approve my buying one to take to Lucy. We went to bed soon after nine.

Feb. 24. I went to the Institute alone in the morning and commenced the typing of my list of generic identifi-

EL TIEMPO

MARTES 24 DE FEBRERO DE 1942.

PAGINA QUINCE



El ilustre entomólogo norteamericano doctor E. A. Chapin, jefe del departamento de insectos del museo de Washington, y quien fue invitado por el jefe del servicio de entomología económica de Colombia, señor Luis María Murillo, para que le prestara su valiosa cooperación en el estudio de una importante familia de insectos, aparece sentado, en la fotografía, entregado a la revisión de las colecciones del instituto de ciencias naturales. En pie, de izquierda a derecha, don Hernando Osorni, preparador; don Francisco Otoya, entomólogo auxiliar y don Luis María Murillo, jefe del servicio de entomología del ministerio de la economía nacional.

cations of the Institute collection. Clara went to the bank for change and to buy a map of Bogotá. It is a beautiful big one and I think we will have to get one for the Library of Congress.

In the afternoon we both went to the Institute and made our plans for a trip to Pacho tomorrow and the longer trip to Medellín and Cali. Don Luis suggested nine days for the Medellín trip but that is too much and we will have to cut it to not more than a week. We then went to the Biblioteca to see the Amazonas exhibit, work of the Indians - bark shirts, wooden masks, neck chains made of the wing covers of the large brilliant buprestid beetle, etc. There were also 18th century maps and 17th and 18th century books, all dealing with that area. Dr and Mrs Bugher (he is in the Rockefeller Laboratory) were dinner guests.

Feb. 25. Started at seven for Pacho. We took the road north



Páramo del Diablo

through Chapinero to the third reten where we turned left to cross the Puente del Común, a bridge that was built in 1792 under the auspices of the King of Spain. At the first turn beyond the bridge we went to the right (Chía is to the left) to Zipaquirá where the salt mines are. We stopped while Murillo ate some breakfast. We climbed steadily from Zipaquirá to the Páramo del Diablo where we stopped again, this time to collect. Found weevils and staphylinids on the flower heads of a shrub by the roadside; Hernando Osorno got some good tachinids. Then on to Pacho where we were stopped at the reten and forced to go to the police station because of our cameras. Fortunately my camera was not noticed and

and as the only camera offered as evidence against us was claimed by Otoya, we were released immediately by a very courteous desk sergeant. We passed through the other reten



Pacho

without questioning and continued our way down the valley of the Río Negro. Pacho is a representative Colombian town that is evidently something of a summer resort as there are two better than usual hotels. The Astoria, in the town itself, is quite presentable from the road. The Claridge, on the road below the town, is more pretentious; it is a large two story building with outside recreation facilities, such as a swimming pool. Our destination was a citrus grove a few miles down the valley and we stopped there for lunch and collecting, which was not very good. We started back around three o'clock, collecting from time to time along the road. We were passed through the Pacho retens without discussion and between there and Zipaquirá we stopped once more to collect, this time on the high ground above the city. It was almost dark when we reached the first Zipaquirá reten and we were stopped on the grounds of having faulty licence plates! Much telephoning by the police and in perhaps 15 minutes a motorcycle with sidecar appeared. We were escorted to the main police station where we were accused of illegally taking photographs in and about Pacho. Evidently the Pacho authorities felt that they had made a mistake in releasing us and would thus put the responsibility on Zipaquirá, a more important station. Murillo did the talking and in a few minutes the sergeant was satisfied. He sat down at the typewriter and picked out an open letter to all retens to the effect that we were the individuals who had been taking photographs near Pacho, that we had been fully investigated

and exonerated and it was respectfully requested that we be passed without delay by other retens. As a matter of fact, we were not challenged again and I was at Casa Gómez at 8.30, not as tired as from the Guasca trip.

Meanwhile Clara read *El Tiempo* in the park, and wrote some postcards. After lunch Doña Manuela took her to the postoffice on the other side of Calle 18 to buy stamps for ordinary mail. Then they went to La Tercera; the church was dark, with cedar wood heavily carved all along the side walls; there was a lovely carved pulpit, there were paintings of the four evangelists and a Virgin in doll-like bisque. From there they went on to San Francisco to see the wood panelings overlaid with gold, and the chapel at the right where all Bogotanos are reminded of the Virrey Solís.



Valley of the Río Negro below Pacho

Feb. 26. Right after breakfast I went to the bank to get the money for our Medellín trip, then to the photo shop for a batch of prints and then to the Institute. Worked on the list of generic identifications until noon. Clara went to the market with Mrs Bugher. The market building fills a city block, much like Center Market in Washington as it was when we went there to live. Huckster's carts edge the curb where one can buy stockings, ties, etc from New York or all sorts of secondhand articles such as old tools, locks or bits of pipe or chain. On one side of the building was a big shed full of sacks of potatoes; in the court were barrows of fruits and vegetables; dirty children sat in the gutters picking up dropped pea pods, etc. On the second floor was a huge crowded attic partitioned into halls and alcoves with baskets, jugs, garments, dishes, etc.



REPUBLICA DE COLOMBIA

DEPARTAMENTO:

AGRICULTURA

Ministerio de la Economía Nacional

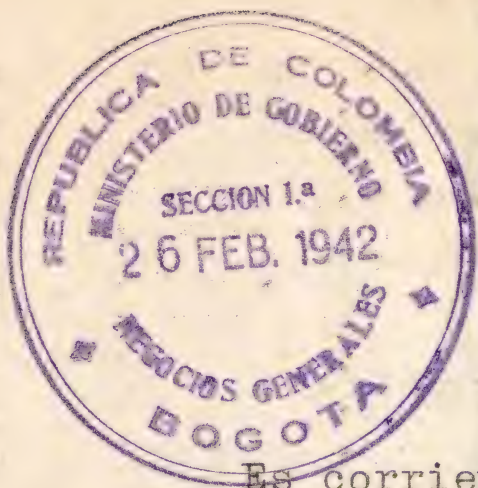
SECCION: Entomolog.


NUMERO: _____

Bogotá, Febrero 26/42.

A las autoridades a quienes corresponda:

Los señores E.A. Chapin, señora de Chapin, Luis María Murillo, Francisco José Otoyá y Hernando Osorno, viajan en comisión del Ministerio de la Economía y nó sóloamente no deben ser molestados sino que, antes bién, debe prestárseles todo el apoyo que sea necesario para el feliz término de la misión que les ha sido confiada.




Ministro
Marco Aurelio Arango,
Ministro de la Economía Nacional.

Es corriente.

Por el Ministro de Gobierno,
El Secretario,


(Fdo.) ENRIQUE ACERO PIMENTEL

Before going to the Institute in the afternoon, Otoya met me at Parque Centenario and gave me moral support while I photographed "La Rebeca", a white marble draped



La Rebeca

nude of considerable beauty. Since my experience in Pacho and Zipaquirá, I was uneasy about flourishing a camera without a specific permit. All was quite calm and peaceful and I was not even stared at. Murillo is getting us a full permit to cover all matters pertaining to our trip to Medellín and we should have that by tomorrow. The one valid criticism of the statue is that the hands and feet are too large. The Gómez sisters say this is the result of using a campesina for a model. We went on to the Institute and I worked until 4, then leaving to meet Clara for a call on Dr Hernández de Alba at his home, Carrera 15, No 44-34. Both he and his wife were easy to listen to.

He had to go to a class, so we said our goodbye very promptly, but they insisted in showing us his upstairs study. They gave us the two volumes already published of his history of the Colegio del Rosario, showed us a manuscript signed by Mutis, other old books, an autograph of Bolívar, a piece of handkerchief used to stuff his boot, a piece of the San Carlos window frame. El Doctor drove to his class at the Colegio de la Merced, taking us along. La señora will take Clara to visit classes at La Merced tomorrow.

Feb. 27. I worked at the Institute all day. Murillo went to the Ministry in the morning to get our letter from the Minister. In the morning Clara went to the book shops to look for books for Ben, then came back to the apartment to wait to be called for at eleven by Señora de Hernández de Alba. The Colegio de la Merced was founded in 1832; land had been given in the 1820's, for a school for orphan girls planned in the 18th century. The present building was only

ten years old but was already giving out. Clara met the vice-principal; there was a portrait of Paulina Gómez Vega on the wall of the office. There was a dental clinic, with a record for each girl of all defects and all treatments and a chart of each mouth; a copy is sent to the parents after each inspection, with defects and treatments marked.

The patio had pots of flowers around the rail, but no no garden or soil in center because the school did not have enough money. Some walls were being scraped and painted. In the assembly room there was a piano. The principal appeared and took them to a study hall. Then to a Spanish class where girls of 13 or 14 discussed the article, when is the article used and when omitted; examples were on the board, and the girls recited rules and gave their own examples.

They visited Dr. Hernández de Alba's class in anthropological geography; what factors influence the development of a civilization? what would you look for in selecting a site for a city? what climatic factors affect health and livelihood? is there any pure race? what races are there in Colombia? how did they get there and what is the social condition of each? The girls talked in sentences and paragraphs. Classrooms had blackboards, portable desks and chairs, chair and table for the teacher, with a bowl of flowers. The girls stood up when Clara and Doña Paulina came in, two brought chairs, the class sat at the command "sientense" and stood and said "Adiós" when they left.



Murillo and the Chapins
sick girl only and only until recovery. Hygiene and sani-

The dining room had long tables set for lunch, with a banana and roll at each place, milk at some. The infirmary had beds in rows; two girls recovering from appendectomies looked fairly comfortable, one with fever "from bad climate" looked very sick indeed. A sad nurse was sitting in a chair; she wore no uniform. The infirmary office had a detailed medical record for each girl, with a chart for periodic inspections; height and weight were taken each three months; continued loss of weight brings home inspection and perhaps supplementary diet at home, for the

tation are taught by externadas. Everybody seemed eager for more suggestions; their methods had been patterned after those of the United States.

From the infirmary they went back to the dining room, where the girls were eating; all stood until someone said "sientense". First came plates of hot thick soup, then plates with mixed vegetables, potato chips, etc. The first kitchen had a long trough sink; huge kettles of food stood on the floor, and an old woman was working at one. The second kitchen had a table and an enormous stove with some very large pans and one ordinary size tea kettle; both were well lighted with large windows. The dining room had about a dozen tables, twelve girls at a table. A few girls were in black, but most wore dark gray with blue collars; there were slight differences in the cut of the collars and perhaps in the material. Hair arrangements were individual.

Next they went upstairs, past a long lavatory in a hall, with many brand new hand bowls, and into a large room with many beds in rows. A few small tables had enamelware bowl and pitcher sets (clothes were kept in ropería). Through a large light rather empty store room with one or two chairs and a rack of rolled maps, they came to the apartment of the Directora. The salon had gilt furniture; on a center table was a large old album with photographs of the presidents of Colombia, many presidents of the departamentos, public men, Sarah Bernhardt, Jorge Isaacs, and a few European views. Don Guillermo wrote names on some photographs waiting to be identified. In an ante-room was a dark wood straight chair; the back and seat seemed to be dark leather, the back much worn but showed parts of the seal of Colombia; the chair was Bolívar's at the Quinta. Some of the furnishings belonged to the Directora's uncle, who when to Europe in the 1870's and brought back complete furnishings, glass, silver, and all accessories, for a twelve-room house; they came by mule back up to Bogotá and then to a more inaccessible place in Santander.

I quit my afternoon at the Institute at 4.30 and went to Avianca to take up the tickets for Clara and myself. Reached Casa Gómez at six and found Clara not yet back from tea at Mrs. McKibbens. Doña Silvia had gone with her. Mrs McKibben had a good warm grate fire! There was a Vásquez over the fire-place, a picture of San Agustín in a dark white robe against a dark background, in a carved old-gold-plus-brick-red frame. There were saints in gilded wood, San Pedro and San Agustín with niño (St. Augustine finds the lost). Upstairs, were a piano more than a century old, a high secretary desk made out of an old rosewood piano, a watercolor of the Quinta by Valencia Chaves, and some large handsomely bound 18th century books from Spain and Colombia.

As they were having tea before the fire, Mr McKibben

came in. While at the University of Kansas, Mr McKibben went around especially with the Mexican students and he roomed with a Mexican while at Harvard Law School; then he spent sixteen years in Mexico and Colombia. Doña Silvia says he has no accent at all. His conversation was very interesting.

Feb. 28. We both went to the Institute in the morning to arrange the plans for the Medellín trip. Each of us may take 40 pounds of baggage.

After lunch we went up Monserrate with Silvia. We walked to the funicular cable railroad station which is at the lower end of the Boquerón. The grade varies from 40° to 80°, with an average of 70°; the altitude of the lower station is 2695 meters, that of the upper 3152 meters. First class passengers sat in front facing downward, well closed in by breast-high wooden sliding doors. It took seven and a half minutes to make the ascent and we could see the cable pulleys still spinning after we passed. From the upper station there are two paths to the church, one direct that is quite steep and the other that winds around the hill -- a via crucis; along it were fourteen large stone and cement platforms shoulder high, with bronze groups half to two-thirds life size; each platform had a long row of candle holders in front, and pink geraniums growing at the edge; most had withered blossoms placed on or around the figures.

The church has large outside pillars of old brick, the space between overlaid with concrete; it has one large spire and many small ones along the roof. Inside, it is rectangular, with no transepts; the ceiling is groined and the walls are decorated with trefoils and quatrefoils. The floors are black and white, the steps behind the altar are marble. The altar is gilded, high and square, with a wide shallow shelf in front covered with a white linen cloth. At the sides and slightly behind, are San José and San Antonio with niño, life size or more. Above and behind the altar, visible throughout the church, is a rectangular glass case with a life size figure of Christ dying, on one elbow on the ground, the skin brown, much blood stain, a piece of purple velvet thrown across the middle of the body and with two elaborately carved thorns sticking into the head. A family was going up the marble steps on knees.

We followed the path along the hill to a lookout; from there we could see the Biblioteca, the Teatro Colon, Avenida Jiménez de Quesada, Plaza de Santander, Plaza de Bolívar, Río Bogotá, Ciudad Universitaria, La Peña, and a roof in a big square of tree-tops which was the Quinta; to the east were other mountains, with cloud and sun and shadows; to the south across the Boquerón was Guadalupe with two buildings visible, one a small chapel much simpler than Monserrate, the other

the low remains of the old chapel destroyed by earthquake. I sat on a ledge and prepared to take Monserrate church as seen among the trees with the mountains beyond; just as I was ready the clouds rolled up suddenly in thick fog from the west and completely hid the church and then Guadalupe.

That night at dinner there was a guest who had lived several years in the State of Washington.

Mar. 1. At 11, we bought some flowers and went to call on the Butlers. They had some very nice watercolors by a Bogotá artist named Wiesner. We took some pictures, those taken indoors did not come out at all well. When we left they walked with us to the Hernández de Alba's. Señor Buenaventura from Cali was there, also his son; he invited us to call when in Cali.

In the de Alba living room are miniatures of early bogotanos, a painting of the madonna in the clouds by Acevedo Bernal, chairs with dark leather backs cut and painted in figures, coats of arms, etc. In the dining room opposite Clara was a long shelf of polished silver. Luncheon was fruit cup, soup, beet-carrot-etc salad with fish loaf, potato chips with fried chicken, fruity steamed pudding. The discussion at the table was mostly - Los Estados Unidos ganarán, no ganarán. Coffee or yerba buena was served in the living room.

After lunch we all drove to the cathedral in two cars. At the left of the nave is a shrine with a Van Dyck painting. The center rotunda has high murals of the four evangelists by the four best Colombian painters of the early twentieth century (Acevedo Bernal was one). The cathedral was built in 1823 on the site of the original church. Beyond the rotunda is a chapel set off by a wrought iron rail; it was opened and lighted for us to see; the whole wide front of the altar is faced with silver repoussé, angels, flowers, etc; a narrower upper part behind is also silver repoussé.

Through a door at the right we went into the sacristy; there were carved dark wood lockers for canons' vestments; carved marble fountains, very old, but with faucets and soap dispenser; a large chest of very wide, very shallow drawers of altar cloths - brocades, embroidered velvets, etc; large paintings of early archbishops. We saw the standard of Jiménez de Quesada, and the cross carried at the first Mass in Bogotá.

A chapel at the right of the nave has a large painting of St. Elizabeth of Hungary; also a monument to Nariño, (Doña Paulina is descended from Nariño's sister); the sarcophagus of Jiménez de Quesada, 1938, with a large recumbent figure in marble on top. A square tall wood structure,

with illuminated texts, was opened to show the gilded intricate Gothic structure inside, which contains the heart of Manuel José Mosquera, one time archbishop of Bogotá and brother of Tomás Cipriano de Mosquera.

We went up several flights of stone steps, along a balcony over the patio, to the chapter room. Beautiful old carved walnut armchairs with leather backs cut and painted like don Guillermo's were ranged around a long table. Glass cases held vestments and colored busts of early archbishops. There was an old ivory crucifix on a large tortoise shell standard.

In the next room, on shelves, on the floor, piled in a corner, etc were old books in 16th century bindings of leather, old manuscript records of early cathedral chapters, signatures of Felipe II and III, "yo el rey".

Next we went out along the balcony, past ten or twelve large standing candelabra, to a dusty store room with from 20 to 25 "libros corales", huge heavy books, standing on end in a rack, each about three feet high and several inches thick, with heavy parchment leaves, illuminated initials, large black letters and black musical notation, "todos los oficios de las misas".

We came down and out a door in an almost blank wall on a side street, found our cars and drove to the house of the Marqués de San Jorge, at Carrera 6ª, N° 7-43. The street door is large and heavy, with a knocker of dark red metal in the form of a slender hand pointing straight down and holding a round fruit. There is a large wide entry where horses were unharnessed, with a flat stone poyo on each side where the poor waited for alms.

The first patio is large, paved with small irregular stones, with bushes growing in tiny beds held up by bricks on end; in the center is a carved stone fountain. We went up wide stone stairs, past a gilded celosía with a crucifix at top and along a balcony to the salon. There we were presented to Señora de Restrepo, small and straight with scanty white hair pulled tight; she was wearing a heavy full black skirt, long, and a small fringed black shawl held close around. The furniture was upholstered in red silk. There were tables of inlaid wood and a round center table of inlaid wood with a queer fleecy top.

The next room was long, with a large portrait of the señora's father and an elaborate large wreath-draped memorial to Ruperto Pestrepo. There was a case of old books, among which was a book presented by Bolívar to his secretary, a Restrepo; on one side of the window was the escritorio of the señora's father, on the other was a small upright piano and a high case of books. We went along a balcony to a private chapel, with altar, kneeling

chairs, candlesticks and a painting by Vasquez. Downstairs, we went into one patio after another, some with vines or low hanging bushes, the last one overgrown with a thicket of trees and large shrubs; seven patios in all. Most of the parts of the house had two stories with rather high ceilings, one part had three lower stories.

Mar. 2. Went early to the photo shop for the last film pack and then back to Casa Gómez to pack for the trip. Curuba was served in mid-morning for a send-off. We took a taxi to Avianca where we met the rest of the party. Beside Murillo and Otoya was Adriano Cabal, a young student of Gallego's at the Facultad de Agronomía. We took a bus to Techo and our plane left at 12.30, due in Medellín at 1.35. Trouble with the landing gear kept us in the air over Medellín until 2.20. The air was bumpy and for the last hour the plane was very hot; neither of us felt too well. We were met at the airport by Professor F. Luis Gallego and Dr. Carlos Garcés who took us in their car to the hotel Europa. We were settled in a huge room that could be divided into bedroom and sitting room by a curtain. Clara lay down on the bed to recover from plane sickness and I joined the others for a visit to the Facultad. I was shown over the building and introduced to many of the faculty and some of the students. From there we went to the Colegio de la Salle to meet Brother Daniel and to see his collection. They have a fair amount of material but nothing of special value and none with proper labels.

Meanwhile Clara had a cup of tea in the bedroom, felt better, dressed and took a taxi to the home of Señora Teresa Santamaría de Gonzalez, Calle 57, N° 49-95 (it was quite near the hotel) and left her card and the letter from Dr. de Zulueta.

Mar. 3. We had breakfast with don Luis and then walked to Avianca to take up our reservations to Cali; we stopped on the way at the Edificio Nacional where don Luis sent a telegram to his wife. We returned to the hotel where we left Clara to wait to hear from Señora de Gonzalez while the rest of us went to the Facultad to commence work on the collection. I sat at the big table in Gallego's office with a microscope and an interpreter, Señor Bustamente, who had been in the States and spoke English fluently. Gallego would pick out the specimens that he wanted named and I would give the number of the specimen and as much of a determination as possible to Bustamente, who would write it down.

Came back to the hotel for lunch. We walked with don Luis to the Plaza Bolívar and the Catedral, which is brick

inside and out, with even round columns. High on the wall to the right and left of the altar are wooden statues of saints and on the side walls were paintings of the stations of the Cross. Then back to the hotel where we



Facultad de Agronomía

again left Clara to her vigil while we went back to the Facultad. I continued as in the morning and named to family or genus about 200 specimens of beetles. At 5, Gallego



Gallego, Jorge Gutiérrez, Fidel Ochoa

was ready to stop so we closed up and returned to the hotel. There Murillo met a friend who was a member of Congress from Antioquia. He insisted that we join him in a high tea of Antioquian delicacies, arfepa, chicharrón and salchicha. Arfepa is a bisquit made of flour and water but with no salt or shortening. Chicharrón is fried salt pork and salchicha is sausage flavored

strongly with garlic. I ate as little as possible so that I would be able to eat dinner with Clara at the hotel.

Clara got tired of waiting and started out on her own. She

walked around the Plaza de Berrío and into a very old stone church beyond. It had round brick columns topped by stone capitals carved in elaborate flower forms, (lotus and scroll ?) which supported large intercolumnar arches, also of brick but not so faded. There was a large lighted group of colored statues over the altar, which was decorated with calla lilies. Many people were in the church, sitting or kneeling.

I managed to eat some dinner with Clara and we went to bed immediately. No sooner were we undressed than the telephone rang. It



Gallego, Murillo, Cabal, Otoyá

was Señora de Gonzalez in the lobby. We dressed as rapidly as possible and went down to meet her and her sister. It was a brief but very pleasant call. She had called at the hotel in the morning, leaving her card and a note inviting Clara to drive around the city in the afternoon.

Mar. 4. After breakfast we collected our bags and were taken for a drive around Medellín and its environs. First to the Facultad so that Clara could see where we had been working. In the distance behind was the lechería, a model dairy farm; in the foreground two large concrete tanks with tropical waterlilies. The drive leading to the main entrance is lined with Royal palms.

In a narrow road near the Facultad we met a bus loaded with students. It stopped and out of it climbed Dr Emilio Robledo, to whom we were introduced. Then we went to Buenos Aires hill, where we had a fine view of the city and the mountains.

Our drive lay along the hillsides, past many fine estates up and down the slope, all with much land, many trees and bright flowers, some in boxes on the houses. At Envigado, a suburb far enough from Medellín and important enough to have its own retens, we stopped at a

sidewalk café for more arepa, chicharrón, salchicha and tinto. Across the plaza, well planted with trees, was the old church, white with two towers and two dark red bulbous cupolas that looked Russian, although the plain white columns looked Greek. Between the café and the plaza was an enormous ceiba tree (called silk-cotton in Jamaica). The silky fiber from the blossoms is the kapok of commerce and is used for stuffing mattresses and pillows. The Colombians call it lana de ceiba.

On the way back to Medellín we stopped in a narrow street close to the open window of a primary school; the children were seated on benches at long desks reciting in chorus. The young maestra smiled at us.

Señora de Gonzalez was at the airport and gave Clara a huge orchid wrapped in cellophane. She told us that she had been to Ecuador lately and about the fine beach at Salinas, not too hot, where there were many sailors from U. S. warships. Also that last year 13 students from Yale, Harvard, Radcliffe, etc. had spent three weeks in Medellín, one in a family. The plane left late and the wait was long and hot. At least, there were curtains at the plane windows that could be snapped closed to keep out the sun. We landed at Cartago and the heat was terrific. Clara managed to get to the airport building where she had to meet all of don Adriano's family. Off again and our next stop was Cali, a huge airport with a row of huge hangars and many planes.

We were met by José Otoya, the brother of Francisco. He drove us around the city. Out near the monument to the founder of the city, Belalcázar he jumped a sharp curb and punctured a tire. We put on a new tire and went to the hotel Alférez Real. As soon as we were assigned our room Clara lay down and don Luis, don Francisco and I left for Palmira. The land is flat with much sugarcane and bananas. At the agricultural experiment station we found don Adriano, who had come by autocarril. He had been left behind, perhaps by mistake. We looked over the station and met Dr. Raúl Varela Martínez, the director. Varela was a student at Pullman, Wash.



Belalcázar

when doña Paulina was there. We stayed until dark, then back to the hotel for dinner at 8. Varela had given me a bottle of strawberry liqueur and a bunch of huge red flowers for Clara. After dinner we walked with don Luis to the Parque de Jorge Isaacs, which is across the Río Cali from the hotel. The monument to Isaacs is a large pedestal base with a sculptured group of María, Efraín and his dog and a



Laboratory building at Palmira

bust of Jorge above.

Mar. 5. After breakfast, don Adriano gave us a box of milk and sugar candy "dulces de mi país" and don Luis gave Clara a copy of "El Alférez Real" by Eustaquio Palacios. Then we went for



Hacienda Cañas Gordas

a sightseeing trip. First we drove out to see Cañas Gordas, the plantation where most of the Alférez Real story was laid. After several miles along a level unpaved road we stopped at a stile. Don Adriano waited there with Clara while Murillo, Otoyá and I walked across the field halfway to the house. We

took pictures and collected a bit. Then we all drove back to the city and visited the Conservatorio de las Bellas Artes, housed in a fine new white building. There was a gallery of paintings on the main floor. In the archaeology room we met Mrs Ford, who we again saw in Washington at the Stirling's. She and her husband had been collecting up and down the Cauca valley. In the sculpture studio there was a completed and well executed head. Upstairs was the music department; there were small rooms for lessons or rehearsals, each named for a famous composer, "Bach", "Chopin", etc., and a "Debussy" room with a fine radio-phonograph, large cabinets of records and file of information. Free public concerts are given each week. The auditorium was not yet finished. There was a large rehearsal room on the third floor.

From the conservatory we drove and walked to the statue of Belalcázar, from which we had a fine view of the city. Then



View of Cali from the Belalcázar statue

to the acueducto, smaller than the one in Bogotá but apparently sufficient for the present population of the city. We saw the whole process of purification of the water, which takes place in the midst of flower gardens. Don Luis next suggested lemonades at the San Fernando club. We had a table by the pool. On the way back to the hotel we stopped in the city to see the church of San Francisco, more than three hundred years old and quite different from most of the other Colombian churches because of its distinctive Moorish architecture. It was on one side of a blazing hot plaza, in the center of which stood a statue to Padre Escobar, one of the characters in the story "El Alferez Real. Murillo introduced

us to Dr Sancedo, the auditor of the Departamento del Valle del Cauca, who was coming out of one of the government buildings.

After lunch we left Clara at the hotel and with Losada, Murillo, and Otoyá, I went out the Carretera del Mar to collect. We stopped at a station called Mares (not on any map) that was nearly at the divide. Here we found good collecting, among other species were two coccinellids and a scarabaeid that I have not seen from any other locality. The altitude of Mares is 2088 meters, rather high for the western cordillera.

Again we took dinner with don Luis and afterward walked to the Plaza Alférez Real where we sat on a bench and discussed education, diet, "a-parentar", good neighbors, the role of the church, the role of films, the lack of a university course in science. Murillo felt strongly that Colombia could eventually take her place with other nations in the field of science but that at present she was "un niño quien aprende a caminar". We went back to the hotel for a glass of "puro jugo de naranja" before going to bed.

Mar. 6. Our last day in Cali and it rained. Losada came to breakfast and took us to the School of Tropical Agriculture. The school was just being opened after having been closed for years; the lawn and shrubbery about the building was neglected and the general effect inside was musty and dusty. There was a small collection of insects in horrible condition. We did not stay long but returned to the hotel to pack before lunch. While we were eating lunch a messenger from Avianca came to our table to tell us that our plane would leave late and that we need not be at the airport until two.



Iglesia San Francisco

At 2 we started for the airport in the Avianca bus. Dr Alondano Herrera, the secretary of agriculture for the Departamento del Valle, was there to say Goodbye to us. The trip back to Bogotá was very pleasant, much the best flight we had had; it was clear and cool and we landed



The roofs of Cali from the hotel

feeling not at all tired. Otoyá and Cabal had stayed behind on business. Don Luis got a taxi and we arrived at Casa Gómez in time for tea in the living room.

Mar. 7. Doña Silvia went with us to call on Dr Jorge Ancisar Sordo at his laboratory but he was at a meeting. We left the letter from Dr Wetmore and were shown over the laboratory by some of the assistants. We saw the cotton testing apparatus and the weather records on cotton; we met Roberto Pedroso, José Sandoval and George Miller, whose mother is a Colombian. José Sandoval is a friend of Gene Callaghan. Before going home we went to the Parque de los Mártires where there is the monument to Caldas, Torres and others who were executed by the Spanish governor just before Spain's power was



Losada and Otoyá

finally broken. The monument is a slender shaft with the names of the martyrs carved on the four sides. Not far from the park is the church of the common people, the Voto Nacional, built in the 19th century. In it are shrines for the various Colombian cities. Many campesinos were there, kneeling and praying to Santa Zita. Prayers to that saint are prayers "that mistresses may have good servants and servants may find good mistresses."

After trying to visit the studio of Señor Zamorra and finding the artist out, we went to the silver shops in Calle 12 and bought some gifts to take back to Washington. Tried again at Zamorra's after lunch and this time found him in. He works almost entirely in oil and we saw many finished canvases which were stacked around the small room in piles. His pictures are mostly landscapes and some were very pleasing but the one that we might have taken was 100 pesos. So we went back to 17-86 to try to locate Wiesner's studio by phone, but without success. We walked down the Pasaje Santa Fe and noticed some small oils by Valencia Chaves that we liked. We inquired inside the shop and got his address as Calle 19, N° 5-52. We found the door and it was marked "se arrienda" but long knocking finally brought a small child and then a woman who opened the door of the studio at the left of the street door and let us look at the paintings. We liked several of them and decided to come again when the artist would be there.

That night at about 10 don Luis called to say that we would not be able to go to Guasca next day.

Mar. 8. Early in the morning a boy called at the door with a note from Dr Ancisar, expressing regrets that he had missed our call of yesterday. Being a nice day, we walked out to the Parque Independencia and listened to the Banda Nacional play Beethoven's Fifth. On the way back to Casa Gómez we met first doña Silvia and then don Luis, who was coming to say that after all we would go to Guasca that afternoon.

The car called for us at 2. Counting the chauffeur, Alejandro Moreno, there were seven of us - don Luis, doña Isabel, Isabelita, Alicia and the two Chapins. Out Carrera 7^a beyond Usaquén to where the Guasca road turns off to the right, up and over the first range into the valley beyond, then north and across the valley to more hills, across them into a second valley and we could see Guasca far ahead. There were very few houses along the road, only a few small groups of cows or burros or campesinos.

It was market day and the market was just breaking up,



As the fog rolled in



Isabel and Clara



Alicia

the sellers were picking up their unsold baskets of oranges and mangoes, baskets of cotton dresses, shirts and aprons.

The square was formed of long low buildings all attached, even attached to the church. Most of the doors and windows were shuttered, a few shops had their doors open. We stopped outside one of them to buy mogollas; across the narrow street was a bright white house with bright blue paintings on the outside walls.

Off again, with more curves, around and up till we reached the páramo at 3,300 meters or nearly 10,900 feet. We went a little way over the crest, saw a good place to stop, backed the car off the road, got out and sat on the rocks to eat bizcochos, mogollas, queso and chocolate. I collected awhile but with indifferent results, Clara talked with doña Isabel and the chauffeur. Almost all Colombian schools charge tuition, but there are separate free schools for the poor where the courses are different, mostly manual and vocational. Three or four servants are needed in a modest home.

We started home at six but had a long wait at Guasca and so did not get back to Bogotá until quarter past eight. Dinner had been waited for us.

Mar. 9. First to Avianca to be sure that our tickets were all right. Then to the Embassy for mail; we found letters from Lucy, Helen and Marion. From there we went back to 17-86 to get the señoritas and take them to the top of Monserrate by funicular. We took a taxi to the lower sta-

tion. As the last car comes down at 11.30 we were in some haste. We first walked along the path to the north to a place where there was a good view of the church spire, with



The church and Guadalupe

Guadalupe in the background. I had tried for this picture when we were up before but the fog had prevented. Then we came back to the church where I took a picture of the girls



Guadalupe from in front of the church

and another of Guadalupe to show the roads and the little chapel on top. There used to be a church there but it was overthrown a few years ago by an earthquake. On our way home we stopped at the Quinta and after a long wait the soldier guard secured permission for us to come in. We wanted to see certain definite things a second time.

After lunch don Luis came over and we made further plans, to go to Guasca tomorrow and then on Wednesday to Zipaquirá. Leaving Clara at home, don Luis, Otoya and I went to La Salle to meet Hno Apolinar María and to see the collection of insects. I was quite surprised at the extent of the collection; it is by far the largest that I have seen in Colombia, both in number of species represented and in number of specimens. Most of the material has passed through the hands of specialists in Europe or North America. Except for the fact that there is no locality data associated with the specimens, one would rate the value of the collection quite high. I hope that don Luis will make use of the good identifications there and will eventually duplicate the La Salle collection with specimens carrying adequate data. From Apolinar María we went to the Instituto for an hour, then back to Casa Gómez for lunch.

Meanwhile Clara went out to try to get some change; there was none to be had at the Banco de la República but she finally found a peso's worth at the Banco de Bogotá. From there she went to the office of the Texas Oil Co. to leave a note for the Butlers and then to the hair dressers for a wave. Coming home along Carrera 7^a she met the Butlers and they all went to Monteblanco's for chocolate milk shakes. She walked with them to their shoe place on the east side of the Parque de Santander.

There were guests for dinner, friends of don Marco and the señoritas. He had once lived in the state of Washington and she in Baltimore. The conversation was much too rapid for Clara and almost all of it was lost. Naturally it all went completely over my head.

Mar. 10. The car called for me on time and we started for Guasca at 7. The trip was pleasant but in the páramo it was cold and wet, with dense clouds. We collected for perhaps an hour and I got a few good things; best was a lot of longicorns just emerging from a rotten stick. This was at 3,300 meters and we then went down to 2,900 meters where there was a sort of meadow or alpine pasture. Collecting was better there, sweeping produced many leafhoppers and chrysomelids; along a brook I found a series of a large staphylinid and in the ground beneath cow dung some Ontherus. We ate lunch at the side of the road and started back so as to get to Bogotá by 4.30.

Clara and doña Silvia went to visit the best of the girls' schools in Bogotá, Colegio María Auxiliadora. They had long waits at the street door and in the waiting room but finally two sisters came. Sor Alicia González, an aged friend of doña Silvia, spoke English. She took them around a paved patio decorated with large potted plants, to visit a class in third year English. The class was conducted in English -

the girls were asked which languages had contributed to English, when, and what kinds of words; there was discussion of fourteenth century England, of Chaucer and the individuality of characters in the "Canterbury Tales."

The French class was Sor Alicia's own, so she took it over. The girls had a better accent than in the English class. There were dialogues, discussions of late mediaeval writers, and conversation.

Next was a class in shorthand. A business letter was read aloud by the teacher and transcribed in sections on the blackboard by the students and then read back at good speed. The teacher gave advice on types of letters, among which was a recommendation of short ones for the United States!

In the class in Spanish there was dictation and a discussion of punctuation. On the blackboard were some words, "zigzag", "transparente -- trasparente", "observo -- observo", "simul -- semejante". There was discussion as to when the alternate forms were to be used.

The gymnastics class was held in a paved yard, equipped with baskets; when they arrived the class was getting up from the ground and then marched in fours. The teacher wore the full nun costume, the girls were in white blouses inside full black skirts, with black shoes and stockings. Girls in the class rooms wore striped blue and white smock aprons, piped around collar, cuffs and pockets with blue, over dresses and sweaters.

They visited two classes of chiquitas; both were in navy coats and caps ready to go out; both stood in the aisles and sang to the visitors. One class sang a song about evercises, with appropriate arm movements, clapping, hops, etc. The second sang about "el pobrecito, sin los ojos como puede mirar, sin los oídos como puede oír, etc., etc. The second class filled in blanks in sentences on the blackboard - "La vaca come pasto", "La naranja es buena", "No corran en la calle".

All of the classes were held on the first floor; on the second floor was an eye clinic and a dental clinic for the internadas. There were dormitories, clean and light, nothing but rows of hospital beds, each with a chair and a bath towel over the back of the chair; two or more large rooms and several smaller ones with ten or twelve beds each made up the sleeping arrangements for the boarding pupils. There were clean new lavatories down both sides of the halls. In the dining room were long narrow tables with white linen cloth, two white rolls at each place with a scanty saucer of cooked fruit. At one side was a stack of large soup plates and some silver goblets. There was a chapel with a large elaborate altar there were two or three girls praying in corners and ten

or twelve nuns in the back chanting their prayers. There are about 800 girls in all and the day pupils are carried back and forth in school buses.

From the school Clara and doña Silvia went to the studio and found Señor Chaves at work copying the Magdalena picture that we liked so much. Also there were many pictures in sight that we didn't see the first time.

After lunch Clara went to Avianca for final check on our tickets; she was told that everything was in order. If we have excess baggage we may take it and pay 90 cents per kilo from Bogotá to Barranquilla and 1.00 per kilo from Barranquilla to Miami.

At 4.30 we both went to the Embassy to get authorizations to leave the country. Back at Casa Gómez we had a call from don Luis that the weather probably will not be good and so no trip to Zipaquirá tomorrow.

Mar. 11. We went early to Camacho Roldán and bought books by Dickens and Lewis Carroll to give to the two older Murillo girls. As we were coming out of the store we met Carlos Lehmann who said he had just received a letter from Wetmore. Then back to 17-86 to wait to hear from don Luis. He telephoned soon that it was too cold to go to Zipaquirá. We never will know why he didn't want to go but it certainly wasn't the weather because the day was sunny and warmer than usual. So we went to the Institute instead and proofread the list of coccinelid identifications.

After lunch Natalie Henry interviewed us for an article to appear in the El Tiempo. Don Luis called, bringing prints of some of the pictures he had taken on our trips and a gift for Lucy. Afterward we went back to Calle 12 to buy a little more silver and a pencil to give Alicia and to leave the Tunja picture by Chaves to be framed. We then went home and tried to call the Zulue-tas but found that they had no telephone.

After dinner we called on the Brickells but they were out.

Mar. 12. Started at 7 for Guateque in Boyacá. We leave Bogotá as we would to go to Guasca but keep on the main road as far as Chocontá where we turn off to the right. After passing Machetá we stopped to collect by the road side, taking a good series of Bruchidae from the flowers of Cassia biflora L. In the dooryard of a house nearby we could see quantities of "fique", the fiber that is derived from the local species of Agave and which is used in making coffee sacks, mochilas, etc. We reached Guateque about noon and had our lunch in the hotel. My

DOMINGO 15 DE MARZO DE 1942. EL TIEMPO-BOGOTA

EL NOTABLE ENTOMOLOGO, CHAPIN, REGRESA A LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS

Después de seis semanas de permanencia en Colombia, el ilustre hombre de ciencia vuelve a Washington.—Elogia a Colombia y a la obra del Instituto de Ciencias Naturales

El doctor E. A. Chapin, conservador de insectos y jefe de la sección de entomología del museo nacional de Washington, y su esposa, salen hoy de Bogotá por avión, de regreso a la capital de los Estados Unidos, después de seis semanas de permanencia en Colombia.

El doctor Chapin, quien vino a Bogotá en los primeros días del mes de febrero, fue enviado a esta ciudad por el Instituto Smithsonian para trabajar en colaboración con el doctor Luis María Murillo, del Instituto de ciencias naturales de la universidad nacional, y con el ministerio de la economía en el estudio de la coccinellidae o «Lady Birds» de Colombia. El doctor Chapin recibió al llegar el nombramiento de técnico asesor de la sección de biología vegetal del ministerio de la economía nacional. En entrevista concedida a uno de nuestros redactores que le visitó con ocasión de su partida, declaró el distinguido científico: «Deseo expresar mi sincera gratitud al gobierno de Colombia y al doctor Murillo por la admirable cooperación que me han prestado, y por la ayuda, que me ha permitido realizar mucho en muy corto tiempo.»

El doctor Chapin pasó la mayor parte del tiempo de su permanencia entre nosotros, en Bogotá, dedicado a su trabajo en el instituto de ciencias naturales. Durante los últimos catorce años el doctor Chapin había trabajado en colaboración, mediante correspondencia, con el doctor Murillo y con varios otros científicos colombianos.

Gran entusiasmo mostró el doctor Chapin acerca del Instituto y del ministerio de la economía por sus planes para la represión de las enfermedades ocasionadas por insectos en la agricultura y en los bosques. «Estoy asombrado del progreso del Instituto en sólo cuatro años de existencia», comentó.

El notable entomólogo mostró al repórter la colección de coccinellidae colombiana que se propone llevar al museo nacional de Washington como parte de un intercambio científico que ha sido acordado. Y en virtud del cual se propone enviar a Colombia una colección similar norteamericana para estudios de la misma naturaleza.

Hablando sobre el trabajo realizado por el Instituto expresó el doctor Chapin su admiración por la colección de insectos que aquí se ha formado y que considera excelente. «Aunque la colección es pequeña todavía», explicó, «es de la más alta calidad, y tiene todos los datos necesarios e informaciones cuidadosamente formuladas con el fin de hacer que preste el mejor servicio posible a los estudiantes.»

Por encima de todo, el doctor Chapin manifestó su deseo de expresar su aprecio por la invaluable ayuda del doctor Murillo, quien hizo todos los arreglos necesarios para permitirle conocer las diferentes colecciones y relacionarse con importantes personalidades.

Mediante esa ayuda, el doctor Chapin hizo visitas a Medellín y Cali. Durante los dos días de permanencia en la primera de estas dos ciudades visitó la facultad nacional de agronomía. El doctor Jorge Gutiérrez, director de la escuela, le mostró los laboratorios, salones de trabajo y las granjas experimentales. En colaboración con el jefe de la colección de insectos de la escuela, doctor Francisco Luis Gallego, el doctor Chapin realizó varios estudios de gran interés.

Visita a Cali

De Medellín el doctor Chapin pasó a Cali, en donde estuvo también dos días. Visitó, además, la estación experimental de Palmira, en el Valle. Nos dio algunas explicaciones sobre el trabajo realizado en este lugar. La colección, casi com-

pleta, de las diversas variedades de arroz, fue citada como ejemplo. La estación está empeñada en el cruce de varias calidades de semillas, con el propósito de obtener una mejor calidad de arroz. Experimentos similares se están realizando con la caña de azúcar.

Estando en Cali visitó también el doctor Chapin la escuela municipal de arte y oficios, y sobre ella se muestra muy entusiasmado. Se sintió muy bien impresionado por el trabajo de la escuela, que provee una enseñanza práctica de gran utilidad a los niños desamparados entre los 15 y los 17 años. En la escuela los muchachos tienen la oportunidad de aprender mecánica, prácticas de fundición, carpintería y electricidad. El doctor Chapin cree que esta escuela está llenando una importante función en Colombia, donde hay ya una gran demanda de mecánicos técnicos.

Personalidad del doctor Chapin

En los Estados Unidos el doctor Chapin es el jefe de entomología del museo nacional de Washington, como habíamos dicho, y trabaja en la división de clasificación de insectos dependientes del Instituto Smithsonian. Esta división adelanta sus labores en estrecha colaboración con el departamento de agricultura y tiene a su cargo toda la obra de identificación de insectos del departamento, tanto para las estaciones experimentales del estado como de los particulares.

Recibe distinciones

Durante su permanencia en Colombia este eminente hombre de ciencia fue recibido como miembro correspondiente de la Academia colombiana de ciencias exactas, físicas y naturales. El doctor Chapin elogió la organización de la academia y particularmente su revista, publicada tres veces cada año, y agregó que esta entidad tenía plena razón para estar orgullosa de su publicación.

Primera visita a América del sur

Esta visita a Colombia ha sido el primer viaje del doctor Chapin a la América del Sur; en 1937 y 1940 había hecho viajes de recolección a Jamaica. También durante algún tiempo ha trabajado por correspondencia resolviendo consultas para Cuba, en un trabajo similar al que había estado desarrollando con nuestro país.

Encantado de Colombia, dijo al despedirse de nosotros el doctor Chapin: «Sólo siento que mi visita a este país haya sido tan corta.» Agregó que sentía una gran satisfacción de haber tenido oportunidad de ver un poco más a fondo el país durante sus visitas a Medellín y Cali. «Espero—agregó—que podré volver pronto para permanecer aquí por un tiempo mucho más largo.»

first experience in combining avocado with hot soup. It is a very tasty combination. After lunch we went down and down into the valley of the Río Súnuba. At the bridge we found good collecting. One small shrub was alive with a species of *Stenus*. We took the car across the bridge, which was



Church at Guayatá

under construction, and climbed the other side of the valley to Guayatá. No collecting but we went into the church and met the padre. He invited us up to his living quarters for coffee. As we were going through the church I heard him ask Murillo if I was a catholic. Murillo said "No, but he is very religious." Later when I refused beer he told the padre that I was a total abstainer!

On the way back we stopped at the Agricultural Experiment Station of Boyacá where we collected on the marginal land. Some coccinellids and other good things. We started for Bogotá about 4 and arrived at 9, very tired.

Clara spent the day around Bogotá. She did some more last minute shopping and tried to see the Vásquez paintings in El Sagrario but couldn't get in. Instead she went to San Diego, one of the most attractive churches in the city. It is white-washed inside and out, with a large heavily gilded altar at the left and some very old paintings at the back. A priest was talking to a group of mothers about the bringing up of children and their first communion; there were some funny touches, some good sense and some histrionics. From there she called on Mrs Carroll, Carrera 11A, N° 69-38. She got off the car at Calle 67, so had to walk around three sides of the big enclosed square, only to find that Mrs Carroll was not at home.

At six, a cable was delivered at the apartment. It was from Wetmore telling of a changed plane schedule. Avianca office was closed so nothing could be done that night.

Telephone calls from Guillermo Hernandez de Alba to say that doña Paulina had been ill and from Mrs McKibben that she also had been ill, but would like to take Clara to see some churches with old paintings tomorrow.

MARCONIGRAMA

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P. 16

El siguiente mensaje fue recibido *Via Marconi*

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DR A CHAPIN CARE AMERICAN EMBASSY BOGOTACOL

CHECK CHANGED PLANE SCHEDULE FOR RETURN

A WETMORE ASSISTANT SECRETARY WASHINGTON

ES CORRIENTE

SERVICIO INTERIOR EXTRA-RAPIDO ENTRE BOGOTA, BARRANQUILLA, CALI Y MEDELLIN

Para obtener pronta atención a las solicitudes, el presente MARCONIGRAMA original deberá presentarse a la Oficina de la Compañía

Mar. 13. Went first to Avianca. Oh, yes, the Barranquilla plane had been changed but they had lost our address and so were not doing anything about it! So we leave Bogotá on Sunday and lose one day. We had to go back to the office twice to get our new tickets out of Bogotá.

Next went to the Chaves studio to get our Magdalena picture. We liked the original a little better than the copy and we got it on the grounds that the copy was too fresh to pack safely. We met don Luis on the street and asked him for the Zulueta address but he couldn't supply it. More shopping and back to Casa Gómez, late for lunch. Dr Cuatrecasas was waiting to invite us to tea. Raúl Varela was up from Palmira and had lunch with us; the table conversation was mostly on the question of postwar leadership. Varela believed that it would be the United States in the New World, Japan in Asia and either Germany or Russia in Europe. The thought that we would put up a serious fight against Japan seemed not to have occurred to anyone.

After lunch I went to the Institute and identified miscellaneous beetles for Otoya and Osorno.

Clara waited at Casa Gómez and was called for by Mrs McKibben and Mrs Jorge Vargas (American born, had lived in Bogotá 14 years and had a daughter 21 years old). They went to the church of San Juan de Dios, Calle 10, N° 9-93; it is very old, gray outside and whitewashed within, the vestibule is a beautiful carved wood wall, in the church much old red combined with old gold and a very large wooden statue of San Francisco. From there they went to the Capilla del Sagrario, which is small and simple, with huge dark Vásquez paintings up both side walls and to the right and left of the altar. The room was too dark to really see the paintings.

Between Sagrario and the Cathedral is the antique shop Cancinos. Behind the small shop is a three story building, once a convent but now the display rooms of the shop. There were thousands of objects, paintings, chairs and tables all crowded together. There is another antique shop in the back of El Mensajero on Carrera 7^a but Clara was told that there only the old china was authentic.

Next they went to Monteblando for chocolate milk shakes and home. I had returned and at 5.30 doña Inés and Dr Cuatrecasas called for us and we all walked to the tea-room, Calle 12, N° 7-63. Mrs Cuatrecasas came later and Dr José Royo Gómez was waiting for us at the tea-room.

After dinner don Luis called with the proofs of Natalie's interview for us to look over and OK.

Mar. 14. In the morning we wrapped the gifts that we had for the Murillo girls, went to the Embassy for our mail and found letters from Lucy, Hazel and Helen. Then to Carrera

5, N^o 19-40 to call on Dr Julio Garzón Nieto of the Oficina de Longitudes. He had offered me another copy of the big map of Colombia. He was not in.

At 12.15 Murillo and Otoyá called for me and I was taken to Temel's for lunch. We arrived and found quite a group

—En el restaurante Temel dieron varios amigos y colegas del gran entomólogo norteamericano doctor E. A. Chapin, un almuerzo. Asistieron: el ministro de la economía, doctor Marco Aurelio Arango, el secretario del mismo ministerio doctor Carlos Martínez Borrero, el doctor Eduardo Mejía Vélez, director del departamento de agricultura, don Luis María Murillo, doctor Francisco Otoyá y otros distinguidos caballeros.

already there. The Ministro de Economía, and the Director of the Department of Agriculture, Mejía Vélez and others made me feel a bit embarrassed. Some excellent scotch was available and when I refused a second highball on the grounds that with one I could still understand a little Spanish, one of the men assured me that with five inside me I would speak

Note in El Tiempo

Spanish like a native! We had a very nice meal and it really was pleasant.

While I was at the luncheon, Clara made several trips to try to buy a pair of alpargatas for Helen and some of the woven cigarette cases. She tried first at Las Nieves and then on Carrera 9, between calles 11 and 12. I was still away

when she got back from the last trip. Doña Silvia asked her to go down to see the apartment on the 1st floor that the girls are thinking of

taking over so that they

could take additional guests. It had closets but only one bath. Then she went out again and found the cigarette cases in a shop near the market. I was back when she returned from that trip and we both went out to look for light rope or heavy cord to tie up one of our boxes. We found it on Carrera 7^a and on the way back left a note at the Brickell apartment. We packed until dinner.

In the evening we had goodbye calls from the Brickells and the cuatrecasas.



Maruja, Manuela, and Silvia

Mar. 15. We packed all the morning and were ready for an early lunch. At one o'clock the Murillos called for



Monserrate from our window

us. Alicia presented Clara with a huge bunch of orchids, a dozen stems of Cattleya and two dozen stems of Odon-toglossum. We had a long wait at the airport but the time was occupied saying goodbye to all of our friends. The Butlers, the Carrolls, with their two children, the Cuatrecasas with their three, Dr Royo and Mrs Brickell. Otoyá and Osorno came, said their goodbyes and left for a bullfight.

The flight down was very good until we ran into rain near Barranquilla. At the airport we were taken by bus into the center of the city and then to the Hotel Prado. The Avianca office was not open so we could not fix our tickets that night. After dinner we walked around the hotel pool and gardens.



María, the criada

Mar. 16. I took the papers to the Avianca office and left Clara at the hotel to come on the bus with the baggage. I was sent to the seaplane base and there was able to have the tickets checked. Clara finally arrived, well before departure time but not soon enough to keep me from getting panicky.

We spent the spare time picking the greenery out of the bouquet because we were told that otherwise we might not take the flowers into Miami. Found out later that it wasn't so. The plane came in at 9.30 and went out again at 10.30 with us on board.

Lunch was served before we landed at Kingston. We were

late leaving Kingston and so when we reached Cienfuegos our plane was held for the night and all of the passenders were cared for at the Gran Hotel San Carlos at the company's expense. We had a simple but good supper in the hotel dining room and then went for a walk in the plaza. Even though it was dark, we could still see that the layout was quite like that of Colombian cities. The night was not too good; it was very hot and there were too many mosquitoes.

At the airport in Bogotá, Murillo handed me a clipping from *El Tiempo*. After reading it, I thought I liked it more than all the other things that were said or written about me and the trip.

Mar. 17. We were called at 5 for an early breakfast. Were at the airport at 6 and the plane took off at 6.30, which got us into Miami at 9. There

was a long wait in the airport but we escaped having to have our temperatures taken because we had yellow fever certificates. Then we went through Customs and had all of our baggage opened and inspected. At the door, when we thought we were all through, Clara's purse was looked at and all of the letters that she had saved were dug out and we had to go back to have these examined.

We went first to the railroad station to see if we could have our reservations advanced a day. After a long delay, we learned that Pan American Airways had taken care of that item for us, so we could go in the afternoon. We had a good lunch at "Around the Corner", walked in the park along the waterfront and then went to the train.

La Misión del Doctor Chapin

La breve visita del doctor Edward A. Chapin, científico ilustre del Museo Nacional de Washington, quien parte hoy para los Estados Unidos con su distinguida esposa, doña Clara de Chapin, ha tenido importancia trascendental para las ciencias nacionales.

El Museo de Washington y su ilustre director, señor Alexander Wetmore, han extendido con la generosa cooperación representada por la misión del señor Chapin y de su esposa a Colombia, un nuevo vínculo de amistad que por ser de cultura y de ciencia, es más firme y duradero.

El doctor Chapin ha sido por su sabiduría, su modestia y su simpatía un maestro que ha sabido dejarnos valiosas orientaciones en el campo de la entomología, ayuda que, en realidad, nos había prestado por correspondencia desde hace más de catorce años.

Nosotros sabemos que al partir del país estos queridos visitantes, sentirán un poco de tristeza por los amigos que dejan y cuyo cariño y amistad tan justamente nos han ganado.

L. M. M.

El Tiempo, Mar. 15, 1942

One of Clara's orchids.



Noted Visitor Is Honored

Dr. Guillermo Hernandez de Alba and Senora de Alba were honor guests at a luncheon yesterday at the Washington Hotel at which Richard Pattee, Assistant Chief of the Division of Cultural Relations of the Department of State, was host.

In this country at the invitation of the State Department, Dr. de Alba is a well-known Colombian historian and has published authoritative works on the cultural and artistic history of his native country. He has also devoted much time to tracing historic cultural interchanges between North and South America, while in this country he will visit in Virginia and Massachusetts where he will examine records dealing with the colonial origins of our economic system of government. He is especially interested in examining all collections in this country containing documents related to the history of Colombia, particularly during the colonial period.

Guests at yesterday's luncheon were Dr. Leo S. Rowe, Director General of the Pan American Union; Mrs. Concha Romero James and Miss Elsie Brown; Herbert E. Kahler and Rene d'Harcourt of the Interior Department; Walter Prendergast of the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs; Dr. E. A. Chapin of the Smithsonian Institution and Mrs. Chapin; Senor Camacho-Lorenzana of the Colombian Embassy and Senora de Camacho and from the Department of State Mr. and Mrs. Philip W. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Pierson, Miss Irene Wright, Dr. Roscoe Hill and Arturo Morales.



El Director General
y el
Subdirector
de la
Unión Panamericana
tienen el honor de invitar a usted a una conferencia sobre

"La Influencia de la Constitución de los
Estados Unidos en la Independencia de Colombia"

por el

Dr. Guillermo Hernandez de Alba
Miembro de la Academia Colombiana de la Historia

Galería de los Heroes
Unión Panamericana
jueves, veintiocho de mayo
a las 8:30 p. m.

ACADEMIA COLOMBIANA DE CIENCIAS EXACTAS
FISICO-QUIMICAS
Y NATURALES

CORRESPONDIENTE DE LA ESPAÑOLA

OBSERVATORIO ASTRONOMICO
NACIONAL

BOGOTA

CARRERA 8a. No. 8-00

APARTADO No. 2584

Número 3456

Bogotá, Julio 4 de 1942

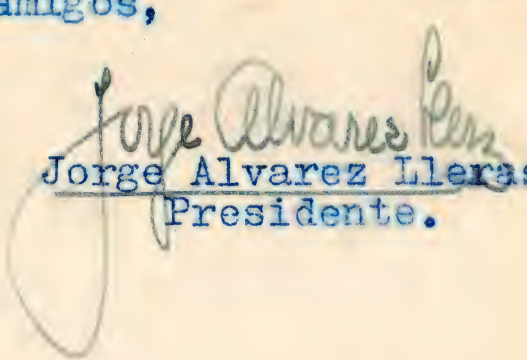
Señor Doctor
Edward A. Chapin
(c/o. Dirección del Museo Nacional
de Estados Unidos)
Smithsonian Institution,
Washington, D.C.- (U.S.A).

Muy distinguido doctor y amigo :

Por correo aparte y con carácter recomendado, me es grato remitir a Ud. su diploma de Miembro Correspondiente de la Academia Colombiana de Ciencias Exactas, Físico-Químicas y Naturales, cargo que tuvo a bien discernirle esta Institución en consideración de sus méritos científicos, de la labor de cooperación científica que Ud. ha desarrollado en beneficio de Colombia y de la honrosa manifestación que tuvo a bien hacerle en su atenta comunicación del 14 de octubre del año ppado. al aceptar la consulta que sobre su nombramiento hube de hacerle, en su nombre.

Esta Academia agradece sinceramente sus honrosos conceptos acerca de sus labores y abriga el propósito de continuar en ellas contando con su valioso concurso. Igualmente me complazco en poner a su disposición las páginas de la Revista que sirve de órgano a la Academia, estimando que su colaboración contribuirá a darle más sólido prestigio y a vincular más los intereses culturales e intelectuales entre ambos países.

Deseándole su ventura personal tenemos el agrado de suscribirnos, de Ud. muy attos. ss. ss. y amigos,


Jorge Alvarez Lleras
Presidente.



Bogotá, 12 Noviembre 1942

Señor
Doctor Edward A. Chapin,
Jefe del Departamento de Entomología
de la Smithsonian Institution,
Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Tengo la honra de informar a usted
que la Junta Directiva de la Sociedad de Agricultores de Colombia lo eligió

MIEMBRO CORRESPONDIENTE

de la Corporación, por unanimidad de votos y previo cumplimiento de las disposiciones pertinentes de los Estatutos.

Con la expresión sincera de mi elevada consideración personal tengo el gusto de repetirle de usted muy atento servidor,

SOCIEDAD DE AGRICULTORES DE COLOMBIA

Alberto Villa-Réal
Secretario General

labd/a.

Notas de la Sociedad de Agricultores

PROPOSICION

nombrando miembros correspondientes de la Sociedad

La Sociedad de Agricultores de Colombia, teniendo en cuenta la obra de cooperación que desde hace muchos años vienen prestando a los centros de investigación agrícola del país los distinguidos científicos siguientes, de la Smithsonian Institution de Washington, doctor Alexander Wetmore, director asociado; doctor Edward A. Chapin, jefe del departamento de entomología y doctor Ellsworth P. Killip, jefe del departamento de Botánica, y los nombrados a continuación, del Departamento de Agricultura de Washington: doctor C. P. Clausen, director del servicio de control biológico; doctor Ather-ton Lee, director técnico agrícola y doctor Kenneth A. Bartlett, entomólogo y director de la estación experimental agrícola de Mayaguez en Puerto Rico,

Resuelve:

Nombrar a estos prestigiosos señores como miembros correspondientes de la Sociedad.

Sendas copias de esta proposición serán remitidas a los científicos aludidos y al Embajador de los Estados Unidos en Colombia.

Proposición presentada por: Guillermo Santos, Enrique Ancizar, Alberto Villarreal, Luis Gómez Grajales y Luis María Murillo.

Exposición de motivos presentada por el proponente Murillo:

La obra de cooperación realizada por la Institución Smithsonian y por el Departamento Nacional de Agricultura de Washington, comprende más de quince años: boletines técnicos y de

divulgación, resolución de consultas y clasificación de material botánico y zoológico forman, principalmente, la ayuda generosa que estas organizaciones nos han prestado.

El Director asociado del Instituto Smithsonian, doctor Wetmore, hizo un viaje en 1940 a la Goajira y al Valle César, en el Magdalena, con el objeto de estudiar nuestra fauna ornitológica de la cual ha publicado algunos importantes estudios; además ha obsequiado a nuestro Instituto de ciencias importantes obras que han enriquecido su biblioteca.

El doctor Chapin realizó en el país, a principios de este año, una importante jira con el objeto de contribuir, conmigo, en una importante investigación sobre un grupo de insectos que tiene importancia muy grande para la economía agrícola.

La campaña emprendida con tan buen éxito en 1933 contra el pulgón lanígero de los manzanares de Boyacá, se debió a la cooperación del doctor Clausen, quien nos facilitó el parásito específico de dicha plaga.

Más tarde, en 1940, el doctor Bartlett, el doctor Lee y el mismo doctor Clausen, prestaron su valiosa cooperación para la introducción a Colombia de los parásitos de la mosca brava del ganado que nos han servido en la lucha contra esta plaga.

El doctor Lee se ha mostrado desde su reciente venida al país, con una comisión que estudió y rindió informe a nuestro gobierno sobre muchos de nuestros problemas agrícolas, como un leal amigo de nuestra patria.

Luis María Murillo

Jefe del Servicio de Entomología del Ministerio de la Economía Nacional



Bogotá, 12 Noviembre 1942

Señor Doctor Edward A. Chapin,
Jefe del Departamento de Entomología de la
Smithsonian Institution,
Washington, D.C. U.S.A.

Tengo la honra de comunicar a usted que la Junta Directiva de la Sociedad de Agricultores de Colombia en su sesión ordinaria del Martes 10 del corriente mes, aprobó la siguiente Proposición por unanimidad. Esta proposición fué presentada por los señores Dr. Luis Ma. Murillo y don Guillermo Santos:

" La Sociedad de Agricultores de Colombia teniendo en cuenta la obra de cooperación que desde hace muchos años viene prestando a los centros de investigación agrícola del país, los distinguidos científicos de la Smithsonian Institution de Washington, Dr. Alexander Wetmore, Director Asociado; Dr. Edward A. Chapin, Jefe del Departamento de Entomología, y Dr. Ellworth P. Killip, Jefe del Departamento de Botánica, y los nombrados a continuación, del Departamento de Agricultura de Washington : Dr. C.P. Clausen, Director del Servicio de Control Biológico; Dr. Atherton Lee, Director Técnico Agrícola, y Dr. Kenneth A. Bartlett, Entomólogo y Di -



- 2 -

"rector de la Estación Experi-
mental Agrícola de Mayagüez en
Puerto Rico,

R e s u e l v e :

Nombrar a los citados caballe-
ros Miembros Correspondientes
de esta Sociedad".

....."

Con sentimientos de elevada consideración -
personal, me es grato suscribirme de usted obsecuente -
servidor,

SOCIEDAD DE AGRICULTORES DE COLOMBIA
Alberto Villa-Real
Alberto Villa-Real
Secretario General